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## The Week.

THERE is, as we write, and as well as we can make out, a widespread feeling of anxiety about the political future. Gold has gone up eight per cent. within a week, and most people have a feeling that something is going to happen of a serious character in the financial world—inflation, repudiation, they do not know well what. Moreover, most people feel that we are rapidly approaching a crisis in the reconstruction question which will produce a decisive result. The bill, passed through the House on Monday, forbidding anything less than two-thirds of the Supreme Court to pronounce a law unconstitutional, is a direct challenge to the court as well as to Mr. Johnson, as it is believed that five out of the nine judges believe the Reconstruction act unconstitutional. We should prefer—and we believe that the country would prefer—that Congress should wait for the court to take the first steps toward a conflict of authority, inasmuch as that conflict may never come; and the tone of the debate on the bill in the House was anything but reassuring. There is no denying the fact that the majority in Congress does not possess the confidence of the party now as it did a year ago, and that, whenever it prepares to fire off a gun against the rebels, the "weak-kneed" members of the party run behind trees and walls. We may share Mr. Stevens's contempt for these "cowardly" brethren; but we cannot forget, as he apparently does, that they all have votes, and that they have at least courage enough to cast them, and that their ballots count for as much as those of the most lion-hearted of us all. We have discussed the Supreme Court controversy elsewhere. It is a fine thing as a display of courage, we admit, but we doubt its value as a piece of political tactics: "c'est magnifique; mais ce n'est pas la guerre." We hope we are mistaken, and, if it turns out well, promise to sing the praises of Messrs. Bingham and Boutwell most heartily, and to acknowledge their superior wisdom without flinching.

The Senate has declined to concur in Mr. Stanton's removal, and he has accordingly gone back to his place. Mr. Johnson will acquiesce

with the best grace he can muster. On the propriety of the Senate's course few Republicans will have much difficulty in agreeing, though the public satisfaction at the result would, of course, have been greater if less mischief had not resulted from Mr. Stanton's removal than was generally anticipated at the time it took place. He could hardly have done anything at the War Department which Grant left undone, but the effect of his restoration on the South will doubtless be excellent.

On Wednesday last, neither the Senate nor the House did anything of special interest or importance. On Thursday, the Senate passed a bill intended to do something towards stopping "whiskey frauds;" it forbids the removal of whiskey from any warehouse, for any purpose whatsoever, until the full amount of the Government tax shall be paid—which seems a not particularly valuable addition to the whiskey legislation as it stands on the books at present. In the House, on the same day, there was unanimous passage of resolutions requesting the President to interpose his official influence for the release of American citizens confined in Great Britain and Ireland, and, having done this, the question of whiskey frauds was discussed, and the bill above-mentioned passed. On Friday, whiskey-metres were the theme of debate in the House; and in the Senate there was discussion of the bill to prevent further contraction of the currency. Saturday, also, was an uninteresting day. In the House, Mr. Ward, of New York, made a set speech against the minority report of the Judiciary Committee in the matter of impeachment, and Mr. Baldwin argued against Mr. Brooks's theory, that the negro is naturally inferior to the white man. On Monday, the House passed the bill declaring what shall constitute a majority of the Supreme Court—a bill passed for the sake of that section which provides that two-thirds of all the members of the Court must concur in any decision adverse to the validity of any law of Congress. The new Reconstruction bill was also read twice and recommitted. The Senate, on Monday, by a vote of 25 to 6, reinstated Mr. Stanton as Secretary of War. On Tuesday, the Senate discussed, without result, financial matters, and the House resumed consideration of the reconstruction question.

The case of McCardle, which apparently has frightened the House from its propriety, is, in brief, this: McCardle is the editor of the *Vicksburg Times*, and as he was afflicted with the common fault of editors south of the Potomac, of not being nearly strong enough to hold his tongue wholly or, indeed, in any tolerable degree, General Ord had him arrested, on a charge of publishing libels on officers of the Freedmen's Bureau, and of inciting to a breach of the public peace. Then, too, he published articles which it was alleged were intended to intimidate loyal voters, and to hinder the reconstruction of Mississippi. He was brought before a military commission for trial, but application having been made in his behalf for a writ of *habeas corpus*, he was produced in the United States District Court, Judge Hill on the bench, and, after argument heard, was remanded to the custody of General Ord's deputy, General Gillem. Appeal was at once taken from this decision, and it seems to be the general expectation that the Supreme Court will speedily pronounce upon the case. We do not know if in this matter he is so reliable as he generally is, but the Washington correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser* asserts that in the ordinary course of business the case cannot be reached in less than two years.

There is a bill before Congress for the erection of the whole South into one military district, under the exclusive control of Grant, and the total overthrow of the existing State governments. This is the

answer to Hancock's performances in Louisiana, and the ridiculous endorsement of them by the President, as well as to various removals and changes of one sort or other made by the latter. To this measure, if it had been brought in and passed a year ago, there would not be a word to be said; but it is in reality the third amendment of the Reconstruction bill, and is, therefore, calculated to bring that bill and its authors into disrepute with the public for incompetency and haste. For this reason only, we should have been glad to see it let alone as long as it worked even tolerably well; and that it is working tolerably well nobody disputes. No act will work any better under all the circumstances. The real impediment all along has not been the conduct of the Southern State governments or of the military commanders, but the temper of the Southern whites. No legislation will change or improve this, particularly as long as Mr. Johnson is in the Presidential chair; and it has been proved that he cannot or will not offer any greater obstacle to reconstruction than he has already done. The passage of the new bill will, therefore, we fear, unsettle the public mind both at the North and South, and weaken the authority of the Congressional leaders without sensibly improving the machinery of reconstruction. General Meade's removal of Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, shows that he will do his duty in his new post.

The inflationists take a good deal of comfort from the refusal of the Senate to pledge itself against expansion, and their hopes are still further strengthened by sinister rumors from the Senate Finance Committee. Moreover, the grand plan of paying off debts with the debtors' "notes" seems to be finding favor with Republicans out West. We believe there has been no time within the last fifty years when it could be so safely said that "republican government is on its trial." Should the repudiationists carry the day, and particularly should they attempt the transparent humbug of paying the public debt in greenbacks, what we shall have gained by the war will be the reputation of being the most muscular and longest-winded, most ingenious and barefaced of the great historical knaves. The greenback scheme far surpasses the old mediæval plan of adulterating and clipping the coinage, just as printing surpasses writing. The attitude of the *New York Tribune* on this matter is one which it is impossible not to admire and derive hope from, as it circulates more than most other papers in the infected districts, and has never treated any subject with greater force and clearness and courage.

How far anything legislation can do is from reaching the bottom of the Southern difficulty was well displayed the other day in Mrs. Martin's card in the Mobile papers, asking the public to "suspend its judgment" with regard to the conduct of her husband in attempting to murder Judge Busted in cold blood in the street, in the most brutal and cowardly manner, he (Martin) being the district attorney, or, in other words, the official prosecutor of criminals. He approached the judge unawares, shot him, and continued to fire at him coolly after he fell. His wife now writes to the papers, with much feeling and perfect simplicity, asking people not to condemn Mr. Martin before they know all the circumstances, and gives us to understand that Judge Busted had been intriguing against Martin to get him out of his place. This may be true. It is true that Martin was under prosecution himself for malfeasance, but neither of the charges has anything in it very surprising. What is remarkable in the affair is the condition of Southern morality, as illustrated in the frank avowal by a woman of education and position of her belief that the public will agree with her in thinking that unhandsome conduct on the part of a judge will justify the public prosecutor in assassinating him in the street in daylight. Moreover, we have not the slightest doubt that her confidence is well-founded, and that a majority of the Southern people would concede that behavior on the part of the judge which in other parts of the world would simply lead to a mere hostility of feeling was sufficient to justify his murder. The occasional glimpses that one gets, through such incidents as this, into the working of the Southern mind, we confess dishearten us far more as to the future than any stories we hear of disorders arising out of mere political feeling.

The moral condition of a community is never so hopeless as when there is a wide interval between its highest moral rule and the one in daily use. A Malay may assassinate freely and yet be a very good fellow; but when a Christian assassinates freely, and his fellow-Christians do not think the worse of him for it, the case is one which puzzles the most ardent reformer. In what does the moral condition of a society in which such a man as Martin grows up differ materially from that in which Milo killed Clodius? The South differs from all other civilized communities in the modern world in having carried its mental and political and religious training far beyond the point at which nations usually acquire a profound respect for human life. A Southerner would listen with the deepest interest and deepest sympathy to an exposition of Christian doctrine from any Northern or English divine, and would outdo a man of any civilized state in the fervor of his adhesion to the great principles of political ethics; but you would not be surprised to hear that he had the same day killed his man treacherously and in cold blood. There is in this a deeper difficulty for legislators than we are yet fully aware of.

General Butler has gone "down among the Moors," as the song says, and has been making a speech to the Virginian freedmen at Richmond, by whom he was enthusiastically received. He began with a sketch of the history of the Government from 1789, and got down rapidly to the late war and emancipation, the effects of which on the status of the blacks he described with great force and clearness. He declared confiscation to be impracticable, and undesirable if practicable—admitting, what we had the honor to maintain a year ago at some cost, that farms which cost nothing were worth nothing, and that, if land-grants were made to the negroes, they would probably be of as little use to them as the land-grants made to white soldiers in the West. But he warned the holders of the great estates that they must be broken up, and advised them to anticipate the action of legislative authority by themselves selling out small lots, either for money or labor, to the colored people about them—a suggestion which we also had the honor to make early last summer, and which we are glad to have reproduced in General Butler's nervous language, and before those whom it most concerns. The speech was, on the whole, excellent—full of good sense and good feeling, expressed plainly and forcibly, and, we are sure, did good.

We have been for nearly two years considerably in advance of certain of our Radical brethren on divers topics of importance, so much so as at times to feel our position lonely and exposed, and have often longed for them to take a "leap ahead," as Mr. Wade says, and join us. We are, therefore, very much gratified to find them, one by one, catching up to us. They have all reached us on the impeachment question. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Butler have had a hard struggle with confiscation, but have at last got through, and are now fairly abreast of us on this also. There was perhaps no point, however, on which we were for a long while so wildly advanced as on the necessity of education to the voter. There was for a year or two such a singular unanimity amongst the leading Radicals as to the entire worthlessness of education to the colored voter at least, that we used to express our desire to see him provided with it, as necessary to the proper use of the franchise, with some timidity. On this line we have for some time past heard a good deal of puffing and blowing behind us, as if somebody were coming in hot haste, but we never dreamed of its being Mr. Wendell Phillips. And yet it was he. He caught up with us last week in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, demanding, with his accustomed energy, education from the general Government as the only means of meeting the horrible consequences of Grant's election. We do not despair yet of being overtaken on the question of the propriety of discussing public measures in Congress, and the value of early education to statesmen.

Some persons occasionally write to us to complain of the irreverent way in which we speak of Congressional legislation, and the airs of superior wisdom we seem to assume. But we will cite two incidents



which will, we think, prove clearly that one may be very modest and yet laugh often and laugh heartily over some of the things done at Washington. One is, that under the existing law, passed a year or two ago, if you let a man a house, and he starts without your knowledge or consent an illicit distillery in it, your house and ground are liable to confiscation. We can think of nothing which can well be compared to this except the practice in which the Turkish pashas at one time indulged, of making people on whom they levied contributions pay a tax, by way of compensating them for the wear and tear of their teeth in eating their tough meat. The other incident we find in Mr. Wells's report, and we commend it to the attention of the reformers, clergymen, and others who will have it that drinking can be taxed or policed out of existence. The present tax on whiskey is two dollars a gallon; "cowardly" people have always insisted that such a tax could not be collected, and would promote drunkenness instead of diminishing it. Now hear Mr. Wells:

"In the Eighth Collection District of the State of New York there was, before the Internal Revenue law went into operation in 1862, but one distillery; when the tax of twenty cents was imposed, some five or six additional distilleries were started. When at sixty cents, about one dozen were in operation; but this number under the \$2 tax increased to about forty. Furthermore, the tax collected in one distillery in this same district in one month in 1864, under the sixty cents tax, was one-third more than was paid in the aggregate by thirty distilleries in the eight months succeeding November 4, 1864, when the tax was \$2; or, in other words, one distillery in one month in 1864 paid \$58,819 at sixty cents per gallon, while thirty distilleries in eight months of 1866-67, paid at \$2 per gallon only \$33,664."

Mr. James Brooks is really a little too bad. He deserves to have his poetry reprinted from the "Poets and Poetry of America." The days of the years of man's life are no more than threescore and ten, and the Saturdays are only thirty-six hundred and forty, more or less, and Saturday last, in the House, was in great part taken up by a speech from Mr. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, "contradicting the statements of Mr. Brooks on the inferiority of the negro race." Of course there is no good excuse for Mr. Baldwin; but as for Mr. Brooks, he is a most hardened offender; he is continually biting the heel of the African; every Saturday he is, as Mr. Squeers might say, "laying into" the black man's tibiae, and pulling his hair, and proving that he was not Dido, but that Carthage was settled by white citizens or Indians not taxed, and that Jamaica exports less sugar than she did when half the inhabitants were peeling the skin in short strips off the backs of the other half—getting sugar from two canes. He is wanton, too, in his inflictions; it is not done for buncombe; his constituents have always neglected the reading of the *Globe*, and other printed matter. The House is the judge of the qualifications of its own members; and we submit that a man who through his misfortune or his fault has formed an incurable habit of making speeches on the anatomy of the negro and his place in nature, ought to be expelled. Or, if the gentleman's fellow-members are disinclined to be harsh, we suggest that some representative who understands the previous question should force a vote without delay on the question, whether or not the negro as at present existing in these States is more Democrat or Old Line Whig or of African blood; and, secondly, whether or not he is to be assumed to be, in a Pickwickian sense, and for parliamentary purposes, the equal or inferior or superior of the white man. It would just now be particularly well if this question could be got out of the way. Mr. Brooks does not, but the country very particularly does, want the Republican party to say what is to be its policy for the next year; and as soon as we have it settled in some satisfactory way just where the negro race belongs in the scale of races, we shall stand one more chance of getting a Republican platform.

A new party is announced as having recently been formed in this city. It is designated as the "I. P. P.," which letters stand for the words "Independent Progressive Party." The declaration of principles is already made, and it is declared that only such candidates as can make profession of faith in them will be supported by the party in the next and future national elections. Of these principles the chief are as follows: 1. "A moderate tariff based on the principle of equalization"—that is, we suppose, a tariff of which the burdens are imposed justly on the various branches of industry; 2. "A progressive"—

graduated, we suppose—"income tax, exempting the poor;" 3. "Conversion of the Government loans into one debt with low rate of interest;" 4. "No coercive or prohibitory Sunday laws;" 5. "A general obligatory system of education;" 6. "The establishment of an Executive to be elected by Congress, and separation of the political and military authority now vested in that office;" 7. "Reconstruction on the base of the measures inaugurated by Congress." We are informed by a member of this new organization that it has been formed inside the North American Turnerbund; and how important the Bund is may be judged by certain figures which he gives us: The money invested in "Turnerhallen" amounts to \$441,300; and if the debts of the one hundred and eighteen clubs be deducted from this amount and the value of their libraries, gymnastic apparatus, and other property added to it, we find that the total wealth of the Bundes-Vereine is represented by the respectable sum of \$401,761. Scattered as they are throughout the country, liked by their fellow-countrymen, of rather more than average intelligence, the political influence of the members of the "I. P. P." is not to be despised.

The armaments continue in Europe on a scale which promises to ruin every state in it except perhaps Prussia, which has beyond any other the knack of making war cheap, as far as mere outlay in money is concerned. Russia is increasing her land force at a rate which bids fair to raise it before long to more than two millions of men; and as she is now the only really aggressive state in the world—the only one which is known to cherish great schemes of territorial aggrandizement—she, of course, forces the others to follow suit. What the effect is may be guessed from the fact cited in Mr. Wells's report—that the French debt has increased 130 per cent. in the last thirteen years, with hardly any increase of population. The Austrian debt has increased 108 per cent. in eighteen years. The Italian debt has increased in the last six years 158 per cent. The Russian ratio of increase Mr. Wells does not give, but she has an annual deficit of about \$50,000,000, and the debt steadily grows. Even Prussia has now a deficit, though comparatively a small one. The cause of all this is, of course, the enormous size of their standing armies, which, beside their cost in wages and supplies, by the abstraction of labor from the community diminish greatly its tax-paying power. Moreover, there is probably very little of the old love of warlike aggression left in the breasts of any European population. They are generally now devoted to the quest of material comforts, and moral and mental improvement. The fears and susceptibility and sense of honor which keep up the great armies are those of the monarchs towards one another, and the whole military system is part and parcel of the system of "personal government," as it is called. The hopelessness about the future which this creates amongst the laboring classes may be fairly expected to stimulate emigration to this country.

The foreign news this week contains nothing of much interest. The English are still busy with Fenianism, the French with their army bill, and the Italians with the formation of a ministry. The King of Prussia has written a cordial letter to Louis Napoleon, which is looked upon on the Bourse as a sign of peace, and has sent the funds up. The only point in the political sky which now looks threatening is Turkey. Russia is savage and indefatigable. She is building fortifications at Kertch, which is a little further from Constantinople than Sebastopol, but will make a better naval station, and escapes the operation of the treaty of Paris. Meanwhile, her agents are working amongst the Greeks and Bulgarians, and the Porte, growing thoroughly frightened, has begun to roar for help, and promises amendment. Lord Stanley, it is said, has accordingly sent a remonstrance to its aid, though the latest telegrams pronounce this untrue. If untrue, the probability is that the story arose out of his having remonstrated with Serbia on her military preparations. But no amendment is possible except on paper. The Government is rotten. The latest report on the Turkish debt to the English holders described it as a funny farce; the coupons are not paid, no provision of any kind made for them, no apology offered, and no sinking fund or anything like it created. In fact, a parcel of Christian boys would manage finance twice as well.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

### CONGRESS AND THE SUPREME COURT.

A BILL was passed in the House on Monday last providing that six judges shall be necessary to constitute a quorum of the Supreme Court, and that the concurrence of two-thirds of the members of the whole court shall be necessary to pronounce a decision, in any case pending before it, against the validity of any law of Congress. The proximate cause of this legislation is well known to be the report—we presume well-founded—that five judges of the court hold the Reconstruction act to be unconstitutional. The object of the present measure is, therefore, to secure the act, and all others of a similar nature, against an adverse judicial decision, and it has been passed in the House by a party vote. Whatever we may think of the wisdom or constitutionality of the proceeding, too many calm and able men, including a large number of lawyers, have voted for it, to allow us to treat the result with anything but consideration and respect. We say this in the teeth of the fact that the debate previous to the vote was anything but calm or judicial in its tone, and, considering the excited state of the public mind, very unlikely to inspire confidence out of doors. The bill is one of the gravest that ever came before Congress, and yet the principal speech in support of it—Mr. Bingham's—was a violent harangue, very largely made up of coarse abuse of the court. Unless “the citizens of the Republic who keep watch at the gates of the morning, and the citizens of the Republic who keep watch at the going down of the sun,” as he grandiloquently calls the people of the United States, have greatly changed within a very few months, we venture to assert that it is not by rhetoric of this sort their approval can be won for changes of such moment as this bill covers.

We admit fully—we have done so more than once already—that any interference of the Supreme Court with the process of reconstruction, as Congress is carrying it on, would be *legislation*, and legislation of the highest order, no matter by what name it was called. Clothing it in the form of a judicial decision would not alter its character. It would be in reality the assumption by the court—nay, by five members of the court acting under no responsibility to the country—of power to decide on what terms and conditions peace should be made between the parties to one of the bloodiest and most extensive wars on record. Nothing could make an act of this sort anything but a political act. There would not be enough law in it to give it even the faintest odor of a judicial decision. It would be absurd to suppose that anybody would be imposed upon by its being called a “judgment,” and by the production of a plaintiff and defendant to support it. Moreover, nothing can be more certain than that the founders of the Government never dreamed of the court playing any such part. They acknowledged that for such a convulsion as we have just passed through, for an armed attempt on the part of a great combination of States to overthrow the Government, they could neither make provision nor offer counsel. We may be sure that, if they allowed themselves at all to foreshadow the course or consequences of such a conflict, they never contemplated the possibility of the Supreme Court framing the treaty of peace; for this is what the interference of the court in this matter of reconstruction really would mean. It has already held the war with the rebels to be a regular territorial war, attended with all the incidents of a conflict with an alien enemy. If, after this, it were to step in and say what Congress might *not* do, by way of restoring peace and order, it would be tantamount to the drafting of a treaty of peace—an act in all respects political, and in no way judicial. We have, therefore, always hoped and believed that the court would resist all attempts to drag it into the affair, would declare at the outset that the force and validity of acts of Congress passed for the political reorganization of the South were subjects outside its jurisdiction. We hope and believe this still. In regulating the relations of co-ordinate

branches of a constitutional government, something must be left to men's prudence and patriotism.

While, therefore, we cannot greatly blame the majority in Congress—in fact, we do not take upon ourselves to blame them at all—for desiring to take precautions against the assumption by the court of legislative powers, under judicial forms, there are certain objections to the bill now before them which, if we may judge from the report of the debate, either have not occurred to them or have very little weight with them. One of these, and the principal one, is suggested by the citation as a precedent, by Mr. Bingham, of the original Judiciary act of 1789, under the administration of Washington, which required four out of the five judges to constitute a quorum. Now, it is absurd to cite past legislation to prove the expediency of proposed legislation, without taking into account the circumstances of the time at which it was passed as well as the terms of the law. The original Judiciary act was passed in a time of profound peace. It was framed by cool jurists on general principles. It was not a party measure at all; it was not intended to meet a temporary exigency. It was not intended to form a court for the purpose of one year or one case, but for all cases and all coming time. To produce it, therefore, as a precedent for the bill now before Congress, is a piece of sophistry by which few people will be deceived, no matter with how much spray of words Mr. Bingham may cover it. Moreover, making a certain number necessary to form a quorum is a very different thing from making a certain proportion of the members of a court necessary to pronounce a particular decision on one side of a particular kind of question.

Another objection made to the present bill by the *World* we consider a very grave one. We quote the *World* because we make it a point, in discussing matters of this kind, to consider the force of arguments rather than the source from which they come, although we know that many good people consider this a dangerous and pernicious operation. This objection is that inasmuch as the validity of acts of Congress must always, or nearly always, come before the court, in controversies between private individuals about property, if you make the votes of six judges necessary to set a law aside, while three can maintain its validity, you give the party whose rights are created by it double the advantage you give him whose rights are infringed by it; whereas all suitors ought to come before a court of justice, and do come before all courts of justice the world over, on an equal footing, as far at least as the organization of the court is concerned. If, to make good my case, I have to secure six votes, while my adversary, to make good his, has only to secure three, one scale of justice is made heavier than the other. The Supreme Court, it must be remembered, is not a council for revising legislation—it is a judicial tribunal.

Another great objection is, that it is an attempt by a party vote—the party being one which has just been defeated in an appeal to the country—and at a time of great excitement, and for a temporary purpose, and with the view of affecting a particular decision, to change the constitution of the highest judicial tribunal in the country. We will grant freely, if desired, that the proposed change is in general desirable. We will grant that the past conduct of the court shows that Congress requires additional bulwarks against possible judicial partisanship. If the measure were brought forward by competent men in quiet times, and after mature deliberation, we doubt if we should have a word to say against it. But it is brought forward by persons whom half the legal voters at the North consider eager partisans; it is supported in speeches of extreme violence; it is not denied that it is intended to meet a temporary exigency. Does any intelligent man suppose legislation of this kind will stand; that there is any political party in the country strong enough in the confidence of the people to support the burden of it? Is not this a game at which two can play? Are we sure of always having a Republican majority in Congress? Are we sure of having one three years hence? What is to hinder a Democratic majority from repealing this act and doctoring the court so as to make it swallow acts of its own, which, unlike the Reconstruction bill, will have neither the rights of man nor of woman nor any other good thing for their object? Would it be possible for the worst enemy of the country to devise a more effective instrument for putting us to shame and confusion than a high court of justice in which the judges were rearranged and divided every two or three



years by party votes so as to secure their approval of certain measures, the constitutional presumption that they will pronounce on the validity of acts of Congress, as on all other things, without fear or favor being turned into a legal fiction and made the laughing-stock of bar-room politicians?

Moreover, however much we may sympathize with the objects Congress has in view, however much we may desire to have reconstruction completed in its way, we are compelled to recognize the fact—the most glaring fact of history and human nature—that there are limits to the powers of legislation; that there are things it cannot accomplish; that, in all good political work, much, often what is most necessary to success, must be left to Providence, to time, to the growth of popular good sense, to the slow action of public opinion, and to the patriotism and moderation of public officers.

### THE SOLDIER.

In putting down a few of the thoughts which suggest themselves to us on seeing the greater and greater distinctness with which General Grant and Chief-Justice Chase appear on the scene as the two candidates between whom the Republican party will be expected to choose at the approaching nomination for the Presidency, we have not the smallest intention of making a contribution to the literature of the coming "campaign." We cannot help feeling that from the public character and career of the two men, as we all know them, one or two lessons may be drawn of considerable value to the community, no matter which finds favor in the eyes of the Convention—the more valuable because they are perhaps, each in his walk, the most distinguished men between whose claims to its confidence any party has ever had to decide.

The only unfitness for the Presidency in Grant which has been discovered thus far, and which can be called radical, irremovable, is that he is a soldier; and a very skilful letter from Washington, published in the *New York Tribune*, of which we spoke last week, and which probably expressed the sentiments of the chief of Grant's opponents, put this objection forward in striking terms, and cited Andrew Jackson's behavior in office in support of it. It is not Jackson's case, however, which suggests this objection. It is only by stretching the term more than it will bear that Jackson can be called a soldier at all. His military service was very brief—too brief to affect in any perceptible degree his character or tone of mind. Whatever there was about him that savored of the camp—his arbitrary temper, his impatience of opposition, his unscrupulousness in the pursuit of his ends, his contempt for the slow processes of law—he derived not from education, but from nature; or, if he learnt them at all, he learnt them not in the army, but in a very much worse school—Tennessean court-houses and plantations in days when Tennessean life wore only the thinnest possible varnish of civilization.

The objection to Grant is really inspired by European traditions, and, like a large number of European traditions—though, we admit, not all, by any means—that which disqualifies a successful soldier for the chief office of a republic is singularly inapplicable to his case. There are three great historical examples of the overthrow of free governments under the blows of the commanders of their own armies, but in every one of them society had been prepared for the catastrophe by a long process of decay and disorganization, or by a combination of circumstances which made free government impossible. When Rome fell before Caesar, the spirit of republicanism had fled, and there had grown up a large army, hardened in foreign conquests, utterly ignorant and indifferent to the forms of law, and to which there was no other force in the state capable of offering the least resistance. When Cromwell turned Parliament out of doors, it had become clear that the republican spirit had broken out before its time, and was seeking to establish itself in a community in which the feudal ideas and manners were still full of life. The facility with which Napoleon accomplished the *coup d'état* of the Dixhuit Brumaire was due to the same cause as most other French misfortunes—five hundred years of absolute monarchy, and the concentration of the national brain in the capital.

There would be abundant reason for dreading the elevation of a soldier to the Presidential chair here if he were to be surrounded by the social or political phenomena in the midst of which soldiers in other ages and nations have destroyed public liberty; but these are almost all wanting. Our case is not made sufficiently like the case of the Romans or French or English to enable us to take warning from their example. To object to a candidate simply because he is a soldier, is like the old lady's objection to having a gun handled, although she was assured it was not loaded. "Loaded or unloaded," said she, "it may go off."

But may not the practice of putting soldiers in high office, simply because they have done good service in the field, and although they have given no evidence of political skill or experience, become a dangerous one? May it not even, in states in which there is nothing, or next to nothing, for a lawless or ambitious temper to work upon, beget at last an insidious indifference to the political qualities of public servants, and an insidious contentment with military capacity only? We admit that it may; but there are circumstances in Grant's case which seem to us not only likely to make an exception in his favor harmless, but beneficial. We think, we honestly confess, that he has rendered and is rendering a service to the country, by his manner of performing his duties now, hardly inferior in permanent value to that which he rendered it in putting down the rebellion in the field, and it is a service which furnishes a better guarantee of future efficiency than ten thousand speeches and the same number of votes.

He is not a perfect being. He is not a man of the golden age, or a knight of the "great order of the Table Round." He is, perhaps, not a statesman in the strict sense of the word, or perhaps in the highest sense of the word; has probably but little store of the acquisitions which a statesman ought to have. But, unless we greatly err, he has that thing which of all others the times most need, and which the rising generation ought most diligently to seek after.

Nobody who observes public men carefully but must notice the widespread disposition there is amongst them to serve their country and their species in a large, vague way rather than in one way narrow and well-defined, to seek remote and haze-covered ends rather than near and clear ones, to gaze into the "illimitable perspective" rather than down upon the dusty highway which stretches out before their feet. There are few of us in any walk of life who do not prefer working generally for eternal justice and eternal truth to plodding eight or ten hours a day in an office or a committee-room. When one is engaged simply in upholding what Carlyle calls the "eternal verities," one is neither tied to time nor to place, and as the end of one's task is infinitely remote, it would be useless to display great diligence or great haste. We would any of us far sooner labor for the elevation of the entire negro race than devote ourselves to the elevation of one negro family. We are unwilling to believe that we can possibly be doing as much for the nation in faithfully appraising goods at the custom-house or faithfully inspecting whiskey casks as Jones is, who every night makes the roof tremble with his expositions of the rights of man or his scathing exposures of the frailties of "the party in power." So, also, it will be found that despots always prefer being responsible "to God and their own conscience," as they say, for the use they make of their power, to being responsible to any collection of human beings; and the average politician in a democracy, while never tired of acknowledging his accountability to "the people," hates to be held accountable to a governor or a president or a court of justice or any concrete representative of the people.

Now, the lesson of Grant's life is that this is a mistake on our part; that, wherever we are placed, we are doing our highest and best political work when we are doing the work nearest at hand and to which we have been specially assigned; that there is no such servant of the country as he who keeps his mind steadily fixed on what he knows to be his business. When Grant took command of a regiment at the outbreak of the war, he did nothing but command it to the best of his ability. When he got command of an army, he did nothing and thought of nothing but commanding an army. When he was made commander-in-chief, he gave his mind to the duties of that office and to nothing else. He kept his gaze fixed on his books, papers, and reports, instead

of taking surveys of the country and the world, or getting up "views," on reconstruction or universal suffrage. Being a soldier, he tried to be the best kind of soldier simply, and not a mongrel politician, with newspapers, documents, and drafts of speeches sticking out of the pockets of a uniform coat. What temptations an American soldier has to resist who pursues this course, we may infer from the example of General McClellan. When that unlucky personage found himself driven back on Harrison's Landing, after those awful days of July, 1862, with an army perishing by inches in his hands, the nation looking on in agony, and the world in suspense, with every inducement that was ever applied to a human being urging him to concentrate all his faculties on the dreadful game before him, he retired to his tent and wrote out, for Mr. Lincoln's edification, his "views" on the state of the country—old "views," too, with which he had probably been crammed a month previously by New York politicians. It was one of the most ludicrous incidents in military history, but there was nevertheless something very pathetic about it. It meant not that he wilfully neglected his own work to meddle in other people's, but that, being weak-brained and overmatched, he turned readily for relief to one of the commonest indulgences of the day. It was so pleasant and easy to show Mr. Lincoln on paper how to govern the country at large; so hard to withstand the terrible Lee and his rebels on the other side of the hill. And he made his account by it. A large portion of the public hailed it as a lucky stroke, and the Harrison's Landing letter became a "state paper."

Merivale, in talking of the corruption of Roman society in the days of the empire, presents, as one of the great redeeming features, "the constant succession of brave, patient, resolute, and faithful soldiers—men deeply impressed with the sense of duty, superior to vanity, despisers of boasting, content to live in obscurity and shed their blood at the frontiers of the empire, unrepining at the cold mistrust of their masters, not clamorous for the honors so sparingly awarded them, but satisfied in the daily work of their hands, and full of faith in the national destiny which they were daily accomplishing." No modern army is wanting in such men; our army is certainly not wanting in them. Thousands of such were in its ranks during the late war, and they served with a purer zeal and a nobler hope than the soldiers of the ancient world ever knew. We do not despair of seeing the day when we shall have a civil service, too, which will create and foster this type of character. But few have hitherto proved able to resist the corroding action of the political atmosphere. Fewer have been able to look at the Presidency, or even a governorship or senatorship, as a possible prize without flinging reserve and dignity and sobriety to the winds, without despising "the daily work of their hands," and giving themselves over, body and soul, to any clique of charlatans or speculators who chose to constitute themselves their "political friends." Let us be thankful for the spectacle which Grant affords us of a man really great and genuinely American; a son of the soil, if ever there was one, who, conscious of merit, knows how to wait in silence and at his post for his reward, and, whether it comes or not, is satisfied with his share in working out the national destiny.

### THE JUDGE.

THERE can be little question amongst thinking men—there has for thirty years at least been little question—that the establishment of the Supreme Court of the United States was a very important contribution to civilization. It has not, it is true, worked any striking change in modern society, and is perhaps only the germ of something better. But this it has done—it has brought under the regular, systematized control of law, not by theocratic pretensions like the Papacy, and not by conquest like the English Privy Council or House of Lords, a greater extent and variety of weighty human interests than have ever before been submitted to a judicial tribunal. It has pushed the dominion of reason into fields over which it never before exercised any sway, and has accustomed large and quasi-independent communities to abide by legal decisions in the regulation of some of their most important concerns. The Papacy tried to play this part in the Middle Ages, and it did play it to such an extent as the material and moral condition of the world permitted; but its jurisdiction was based on faith, and

its decisions were enforced by supernatural sanctions. The Supreme Court rests, like all other modern political institutions, on secular foundations—the popular respect for order, for security, for logic, for opinion. In a very few years its writs will run over a greater area than the decrees of any potentate that ever existed, and it will hear the appeals of a more highly civilized and complex society than any tribunal, lay or ecclesiastical, of which history makes any mention. Supposing no greater calamity to overwhelm us, it is difficult to avoid the expectation that its success will do much to hasten the consummation for which so many generations of philanthropists and philosophers have sighed in vain—the submission to a regularly constituted tribunal of all disputes which are now usually decided by the sword.

The court has not lately been in favor with the public. Like so many other sacred and venerable things, it was prostituted in the service of slavery. Of all the foul and foolish deeds of which the proslavery zealots were guilty, there was not one for which the civilized world ought to owe them such a grudge as their dragging the court into the arena as the champion of their philosophy. The Dred Scott decision was not simply an offence against "free society;" it was an offence against all civilized society. It weakened that faith in the possibility of a human tribunal raised above even the fierce passions of great bodies of men, which the court during sixty honored years had been slowly but surely building up, and which, whenever it becomes firmly established, will seal one of the great fountains of human misery. The reconstruction crisis found its authority shaken, and a large portion of its prestige gone, in the presence of a majority whose will had been strengthened, passions roused, and impatience stimulated by four years of bloody war. All thoughtful men watched its course a year ago with considerable anxiety, lest it should, in false confidence in its strength, ruin what remained of its influence in trying to adjust questions which, whether it had jurisdiction over them or not, it was impossible to expect the Northern people, after all that had happened, to submit to its decision. They would not have submitted them to Moses and the prophets had they risen from the dead. Courts may prevent nations drawing the sword; but when once the sword has been drawn and blood spilt, they are visionaries who ask the victor to come to the bar, with his wounds still open, and plead as if he had suffered nothing, risked nothing, and won nothing. The court showed the highest wisdom in putting from it the dangerous task of deciding what it was that half a million of men had just died for, and we trust it will continue to show its wisdom in the same way.

Its recent decline in popular estimation, however, so far from making the office of judge in it an office to be lightly assumed and lightly laid aside or lightly worn, renders it, or ought to render it, in the eyes of every right-minded man, more sacred than ever—doubly sacred in view of the fact that the legislation of so many of the States, by making the State judges mere counters in the game of political intrigue and jobbery, has made the Federal judiciary almost the sole remaining refuge of the great and venerable traditions of judicial purity, independence, and decorum which ages worse in other things but in this better than ours, have handed down to us. No thoughtful layman can enter that small room in Washington in which those eight or nine old men sit, without feeling that he is in the presence of the strongest evidence the world has yet offered of its respect for moral force. No lawyer ought to go up and take his place amongst them without putting away from him for ever all political hope or ambition with greater earnestness than ever Trappist monk repudiated the world and its joys, without casting out of his heart, or at least smothering, every desire that would be likely to make him the debtor or suitor of any man or body of men. From that bench "the noises of the world" should all retreat—

"The loud vociferations of the street  
Become an undistinguishable roar."

But should a judge relinquish all interest in politics? Not at all. What is not practicable is not desirable. He still remains a citizen, and he would be a poor judge, as well as a poor citizen, if what concerned the state did not concern him also; but it should concern him as it concerns the meanest and obscurest of us all, and not as a candidate for office or honors. Not one word of what we are saying is in-



tended to cast the slightest imputation on any judge's integrity. But it is not enough that a judge should be upright and independent. He owes to the community not virtue only; he owes it the appearance of virtue. He must not simply be just, but people must believe him just and incapable of succumbing to bad influences. He is bound not simply to do his duty faithfully, but to inspire the community with confidence that he does it faithfully. Only half his value to the nation lies in the patient hearing and righteous decision of causes on the bench; the other half lies in the belief which his character diffuses that any causes which might come before him would be patiently heard and righteously decided. If by anything in his conduct he shakes this belief, he is guilty of a gross wrong towards every man within his jurisdiction.

Now, a judge cannot sit on the bench of the Supreme Court and be at the same time a candidate for high office—that is, for something which is notoriously not in the gift of the people at large, but of a small body of men who, whatever else they are, are not amongst the purest and most high-minded of the community—without shaking people's confidence in him, without diminishing the popular respect for his office, and without opening for his associates and successors a straight and easy way to the grosser forms of corruption. People would not believe that Justice herself was pure if they knew she was working for the Chicago nomination.

We hear a good deal of high-sounding rhetoric about the necessity of having "a great jurist" in the Presidential chair, in order to complete the work of reconstruction. There is something almost amusing about this, considering that it comes from the very men who have been laboring night and day for the last year and a half to show that the President did not need to be a "jurist," that his province was simply to execute and not to legislate. In this we entirely agree with them; but we hold that if we do not want juridical lore from Mr. Johnson, we do not want it from Mr. Chase either. The country is almost dying of "jurists." Every second man one meets in the street now is a "jurist." Everybody in Congress is a "jurist," from the sergeant-at-arms up. In Congress, however, and in the courts, jurists are needed, and if any editor or orator knows of a jurist of remarkable powers, let him labor to get him into one of these places, but not into the Presidential chair. There is something, we admit, admirable in Mr. Chase's long devotion to the cause of the black man. We would not, if we could, take away one iota from the credit to which it entitles him; but it is extraordinary that he should not see that since he ascended the bench his relations to the blacks have totally changed. To go about amongst them now, haranguing them as he did a year ago; to work in the lobbies of Congress to procure legislation favorable to their interests, as he has done, more or less, for the last two years; to go ostentatiously to Ohio to cast his vote at the State election, and from his windows in Cincinnati call the attention of the crowd to the fact—this is not the way for a judge to serve the freedmen; it is the way to injure himself. The duty of a judge towards the poor and helpless and oppressed, his first and last and only duty, is to be a good judge. Whatsoever is more or less or other than this comes of evil, and produces evil. Whatever shakes confidence in the judiciary, in its independence or integrity, weakens the only real security the poor have for their rights. The rich and powerful can protect themselves without courts; but the poor and weak, if the courts fail them, have no resource. It may be safely said that a judge's value as a judge declines in the direct ratio of his display of political zeal, no matter how pure his motives. When Mr. Chase lobbies for the black man, he does what a hundred men in Washington can be got to do just as well for twenty-five dollars a day; when he goes to Cincinnati to vote for him, he renders him a service which a hod-carrier round the corner probably neutralized five minutes afterwards; and he at the same time does his protégés the mortal injury of leading the whole Democratic and half the Republican party to regard the Chief-Justice of the United States as a political partisan and a candidate for office.

We trust the people will not let this opportunity escape them of maintaining what is left of respect for the judiciary, by laying it down, once for all, that neither the Supreme Court nor any other court shall be used as a resting-place on the way to something more attractive in

the political field. It is high time that public men were reminded that there is other work to be done for society than haranguing and writing messages, and palavering with politicians. There is on the bench of the Supreme Court enough to satisfy the noblest and purest ambition. We know of no position in which more can be done to serve the best and largest interests both of the country and of the race, from which more valuable contributions might be made to the highest branches of human thought, in which a man of the highest mental and moral qualifications might achieve a more splendid and enduring fame. Such an ambition is rare, and is in the gift of nature only. We cannot supply it where we do not find it; but we can at least see that if the office is not sought for high ends it shall not be used as an aid in the attainment of low ones.

#### THE LEADING FACTS OF MR. WELLS'S REPORT.

WE look on the annual reports of the Commissioner of Revenue, the second of which is now before us, as the most important "public documents" which have yet been issued, putting aside of course the reports of the scientific corps of the Government service. They are not only valuable contributions to political science, but they are the first attempts ever made to supply trustworthy data for legislation, and to supply the people with accurate knowledge of their own material condition and resources. What has been done in this, or in most other fields, by Congressional committees, may be said to be absolutely worthless. Few of those committees have men upon them qualified for such enquiries by taste or education; and the few men of this description who do get on them are overawed or overpowered by the mere politicians, that is, men who value facts solely for their effect on party measures. The result is that the reports of committees are generally of about as much value, in helping the public to form sound opinions, as long articles in a party newspaper on any exciting topic of the day. All other countries have been driven long ago, by their greater necessities, into establishing bodies of experts to collect materials, and make suggestions based on their knowledge and experience, for the use of the legislative body, whatever it may be; and European legislatures are all in the habit of treating their reports with respect and attention, and acting on them if they act at all. We have never tried the experiment, mainly owing to the exceeding simplicity of the governmental apparatus. Anybody almost was competent to manage it, and it may be said to have been left to the management of anybody who chose to undertake it; and this class, we need hardly say, was largely composed of gentlemen who evolved their finance and political economy out of the depths of their moral consciousness. Mr. Wells's first report, issued last year, was not very well received by Congress. It was an experiment, and it would have been contrary to all Congressional usage for the report of one man, outside the regular political circles, to have much weight. Moreover, at that time the majority were still tolerably certain that the science of taxation had no secrets for them. Complaints of depression in trade, it is true, reached them from various quarters, but they were tolerably well satisfied that only one remedy was needed, and that was to increase the tariff.

Mr. Wells is this year meeting with a much more respectful hearing, and we begin to hope that his report will do good service, and that its leading suggestions will really affect legislation. It is hard to say which is more valuable—its suggestions or its statements of facts. It is not possible within the limits of our space to give even an outline of the report itself, and we shall confine ourselves to-day to a summary of its most striking features, hoping to return to them hereafter in detail.

It is pleasant reading, for two reasons. First, it is a crushing reply to those who are trying to persuade the public that it can only get relief from its burdens by breaking faith with the public creditor; secondly, it shows that the prevailing depression in business is greater in appearance than in reality, and is rapidly passing away without any help from legislation at all. The national debt has been reduced since the war by \$266,000,000 (we omit the fractions), the interest on it by \$15,000,000 per annum. It seems when General Butler or Mr. Pendle-

ton states the case that it would be an awful thing to withdraw all the legal-tender currency at the rate of four millions a month, and convert it into six per cent. coin interest-bearing bonds; it would make such a frightful addition to the burden of interest under which the unhappy people is now groaning. How much, after all, would it amount to? Simply an increase per annum for eight years of \$3,880,000, or, at the end of eight years, of \$31,000,000 per annum; but, as Mr. Wells shows, with our present means of reducing the capital of the debt, there is little likelihood that any absolute increase of interest, from the conversion of the currency into bonds, would take place at all.

What are the real causes of the weight of the public burdens? They are three in number: the heavy expenditure of the Government; clumsiness and multiplicity of the taxes, not their total amount; and the thieving and incompetency of officials. Mr. Wells shows that the expenditure of the Government is too large, and ought, as one means of relief, and a very important means, to be greatly reduced. For instance, he shows that if the expenses of the War Department were cut down from \$83,000,000 per annum to \$53,000,000, it would leave it still in possession of a revenue 260 per cent. greater than in 1861. This, and reductions on a similar scale in the Navy Department, civil service, and bounties, together with the total abandonment of Mr. Seward's purchases of foreign territory, would absolutely enable the Government to remove all internal taxation on all cotton and woollen manufactures, on all iron, steel, and machinery, on all leather and hat manufactures, and on all kinds of paper!

People who are not immediately interested, and especially country people, who read all that is said in the newspapers about internal revenue frauds, probably imagine that it is, after all, a trifling matter, and that the losses are mere drippings. Now Mr. Wells expresses a positive belief, as the result of his enquiries, that "not over fifty per cent. of the amount of the internal revenue taxes is received in the national Treasury." On turning to the tables, we find that the internal revenue receipts during the year 1867 amounted to \$265,920,000—we again omit the smaller fractions. Therefore, what he asserts is that nearly \$266,000,000, due to the Government, has in one year either not been collected through the incompetency of its agents, or has been collected by them, and either stolen by them, or divided between them and the persons owing it. This is really an awful statement, especially when coupled with the account he gives of the almost absolute honesty and efficiency of the administrative machinery of the leading European countries. We use the word "awful," strong as it is, advisedly, because the mere loss of the money is only a trifling portion of the calamity. Its worst feature is the amount of fraud, perjury, and lying, on the part of an immense body of persons occupying respectable positions in society, which these figures represent. In fact, we doubt if a debauching agent of similar efficiency was ever applied to any Christian community. In some trades, the whiskey manufacture, for instance, cheating is so general that the few men who have tried to be honest have had to choose between cheating and beggary, and openly confess now that they chose the former. Flesh and blood cannot blame them. The guilt of it before God and man lies on the legislature and the public who, with these facts before their eyes, permit the civil service to remain in its present condition.

Another encouraging feature of Mr. Wells's report is the demonstration he affords that our present financial depression is simply part of the great wave that has passed over the commercial world everywhere, while our case is really not so bad as that of the English and French. Moreover, the recuperative process is going on amongst us at a rate few of us dream of. Immigration, Mr. Wells calculates, makes a positive yearly addition to the wealth and producing power of the country of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The crops last year were, though not so good as was expected, greater than ever before. There is just now great depression in the cotton trade, and yet there is from 15 to 20 per cent. more machinery at work in it than before the war. Who that ever sees much of iron manufactures, or rather of the newspapers devoted to the iron interest, does not think the iron trade a sickly plant struggling feebly for existence? Yet it has increased since 1810, under all kinds of tariffs and disturbances, 2,371 per cent., while population in the same period has only increased

410 per cent. So on through nearly every branch of industry: whatever depends on the soil and on private individuals is flourishing as nothing ever flourished before. Nothing is wanting but scientific legislation and honesty in officials to make us in a very few years the most prosperous and most lightly taxed community in the world. Do Americans know, or do they not, that they are the only people in the world whose income largely exceeds their expenditure; the only people whose taxation daily diminishes under the mere increase of population and wealth; and—we hate to write it, but it must be said—the only people amongst whom there is any talk of cheating the public creditor?

### "FLIPPANCY."

THE dictionaries give the word more than one definition, but, as we suppose, "flippancy," when found in the mouths of men other than lexicographers, has nowadays no sense but a bad one, and always means the thoughtless, slighting, disrespectful treatment of themes of discourse which by right ought to be treated with respect. But the vice of flippancy is thus far unlike what have been called the natural vices—all men indiscriminately are not to be trusted to judge of it. As regards lying or stealing or murdering, the "black or negro" man, as the geographers say, with his phrenologically undeveloped head, is, for all practical purposes, as capable of forming right conclusions as the highly Caucasian Professor Fowler would be, or any other man of good facial angle. From China to Peru and from Indus to either pole they dislike a liar or a thief, and kill a murderer. But flippancy belongs to that indefinitely larger class of human failings as to which we have nothing written on the tablets of our hearts to enable us to make a judgment absolute and universally applicable, but are compelled to discard instinct, so to speak, and make use of brains. At once, then, we come upon the widest possible difference of opinions. What is flippancy to one man at one time and place, is hardly more likely to seem such to another man at the same, or the same man at another time and place, than all men are likely to be of one mind as regards the religious obligation to observe the feast of Pentecost or to practise auricular confession.

With reflections such as these we console ourselves for an inability which we discover in ourselves to agree with very many persons as to whether or not, in particular instances, some one—ourselves, for example—has or has not been guilty of flippancy. Flippancy in the abstract—disrespect shown to the truly respectable—we, as all men, rightly, naturally, unavoidably hate. Also, we are human, we suppose, in a dislike which we entertain for disrespect shown to whatever things we individually happen to venerate, and in a disposition to denounce as flippancy an irreverent way of treating them; orthodoxy is the name of our doxy, too, when we consult feeling. But we are no longer able, as in happier days, to believe without doubt that to other people our sincere denunciations of this and that, of flippancy, among other things, may not seem mistaken and, perhaps, foolish. As we now look at it, it is a thing to be freely admitted by all the Hapsburgs that the Austrian General Wurmser, or whoever it was, made a mistake when he so severely condemned the self-sufficiency and flippancy of which General Bonaparte was guilty when he showed such marked disrespect for all well-established rules of warfare as was exhibited in the battles and victories of the well-known Italian campaign. And, however much we may have respected General George B. McClellan, we are willing to confess that the flippant critics who urged an advance on Yorktown and "Prince John" Magruder turned out at the last to have not been so very far wrong as some friends of ours who had friends at West Point succeeded in making us partially believe.

Or, for further example, we may, for our part, say that the Honorable Ben Wade is "one of our grandest public men," or, to use Miss Anthony's words, is "a right royal old fellow," and we may not only fervently say this, but fervently believe it. Still, should a person who avows his belief that a senator of the United States ought to know something; ought to have had some education; ought, for instance, to have some knowledge of political economy, of jurisprudence, of the history of this and other countries, as well as of the history of parties in this country, of the rule of three and the rules of grammar, to speak briefly, as well as of the golden rule as applied to the relations of black men and white—should a person of this sort, we say, treat as an entirely ridiculous thing some of Mr. Wade's acts and sayings, we should not see our way clear to condemning him absolutely for what would perhaps seem to us flippancy. So also of the representatives of their constituents in the lower House of Congress. We believe, say, in Mr. Banks;



we know that without special training for political life, without having given very many midnight or other hours to the study of the effete institutions of Europe, or to the writers on international law, or to other writers, he has risen, by his own laudable exertions, to the dignity of representing Massachusetts as a Member of Congress, and the United States as Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and, as we have said, perhaps we believe in him. But it is true, too, that we admit the possibility that some not over light-minded man may be moved to laugh Mr. Banks's Fenian speeches and naturalization reports and eight-hour bills to scorn; may, merely from a sense of humor, ridicule them for what seems to him their intrinsic absurdity; may, because he thinks that they are folly, and that ridicule is the most dangerous foe to folly, make fun of them because they are things discreditable to the country, and yet through it all, whatever he seems to us to be, may, from his own point of view, be anything but flippant.

There are not a few people—who, like ourselves, have their own opinion of certain royal old public men—who, without hesitation and even with violence, stigmatize as flippancy anything but the solidest and most serious way of treating all that these gentlemen say and do. Some man known as "a leader" frames a stupid resolution or a wildly absurd bill, or makes a really silly speech—talks after a fashion which, if he used it in talking to his neighbors about private matters, would cause them to speak of him, and to him, with extreme lightness—and it is commonly pronounced flippancy, of a sort to be deplored much and condemned very much, if the laugh which rises to the occasion is not decorously stifled. The proper thing to do, it is held, when one is contending with such a warrior as Mr. Ashley, for example, is to look on apparently with anxiety and sleepless vigilance while he tears up the sod, shovels dirt for entrenchments, drags out his frowning batteries of Quaker guns and gets them into position. Then, Mr. Ashley, being a leader, one is industriously to levy great numbers of horse, foot, and dragoons, to prepare large trains of siege artillery, to sit down before him, open parallels at the orthodox distance, approach him gradually, as if one were really in fear of his abilities as an engineer, and finally admit him to an honorable capitulation. To send a sergeant's guard of light cavalrymen to capture his fortalice would, we are told, be a species of levity so far from decent as to be undoubted flippancy. This, as we have said, is not altogether our way of thinking. We are not sure that we have a right to ask other persons to give Mr. Ashley or Mr. Banks, or this or that other grand public man and right royal old fellow of a statesman, as much respect as we accord them; if people think they see a fool, why, at all events, there are worse uses to which they might put him than make him food for mirth, and so long as they do nothing more to him than that, we shall not violently insist on their adopting our own view of him.

But to speak with perfect seriousness, the charge of flippancy, as we are accustomed to hear it made, we have got into the habit of disregarding almost wholly. In those instances to which our attention has been most particularly called, nine times it has seemed to us a charge to be smiled at to one time that it has seemed well-founded. Generally it is preferred by a person belonging to one of two classes. The accuser is either one of those people—and they are more common than hopeful people are apt to think—who are totally destitute of humor, a person unable to distinguish between weight and heaviness; a person whom facts overpower and whom truths do not address at all; a person who, to speak in the concrete, thinks that Mr. B. F. Perry ceased to be Mr. Perry and became a sage to be respected when he was made Provisional Governor Perry; a person who would think oratorical nonsense merely a speech until he saw it printed in the *Congressional Globe*, and then would think it constitutional eloquence;—the accuser as we know him is, we say, either such a person, or else he is an offended partisan—a literary partisan or a partisan of some religious creed or a political partisan—a Republican, say, who appears to think, because Mr. Greeley has served the party well and served mankind well, that laughable things done by him are not to be laughed at.

Now, as to the first of these two sorts of people, there is nothing, we suppose, to be done with them; till the end of time it will be necessary to suffer, or rejoice, under their reprehension. As to the second class, considered as a distinct one—the boundaries of the two certainly overlap, and overlap so much that sometimes, if one is angry with partisans, the classes seem almost coincident—we can only recommend them to use the philosophy which we ourselves endeavor to put in practice—counsel them, when some hero of theirs, or some favorite doctrine, is treated with what appears to be too little respect, to consider in their secret hearts whether perhaps they themselves have not been unwise in their worship and belief.

## PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, December 23, 1867.

CURIOSLY in contrast with the wonderful displays of elegant and luxurious objects which, at this season, bring all Paris out into the streets to gaze and to desire, is the fact that a poor, shivering wretch was arrested, a day or two ago, as he was hurrying away from the Garden of Plants with a blanket he had just "cribbed" from one of the boa constrictors! There is, in fact, much distress in this splendid city; but the administration distributes large sums every winter among the distressed portion of the population, and private charity, also, does a good deal. One of the most useful of the many channels through which charitable help is dispensed here is the institution of "Economical Soup-kitchens," which, begun in 1853 by a well-known philanthropist, have demonstrated the possibility of furnishing a meal of good, nourishing meat-soup—2½ oz. cooked meat, half a pint of cooked beans, or a pint of rice-soup—for *one sou* each portion. The first establishment was worked at these prices during the whole winter, and was found to have realized a profit from the sale of bones and greasy water. The following winter sixty-eight of these soup-kitchens were organized by the Prefect of Police, and sold from forty-five to forty-six thousand portions daily, or a total of over five millions during the four months through which they were kept open. The number of these establishments has increased every year, and they are now to be found in every part of the city. Several of them are supplied by the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial, the distribution being gratis, and admission being given by tickets certifying the indigence of the holders.

The various sections of the Academy and other learned bodies have just had their annual opening; one or two have had a dinner, but the greater number have contented themselves with meeting and making speeches. Great are the efforts now making to obtain tickets for the approaching reception of the brilliant Republican barrister, M. Jules Favre, and of the Abbé Geratry; the former will pronounce a eulogium on Victor Cousin, to whose arm-chair he succeeds; the latter, in monkish garb, will sound the praises of M. de Barante. The speeches of the two new members are ready, and have just been submitted, as usual, to the preliminary examination of their respective friends.

The Conservatory of Music has also had its annual celebration, accompanied by a distribution of prizes among its pupils. Its president, the ever green Auber, was as active, alert, complimentary, witty, caustic, and charming as ever, and did the honors of the occasion with as much animation as though sixty years had been struck from his existence.

M. Flourens, the eminent naturalist and physiologist, member of the Academy, has just died at 76. He wrote a book to prove that the average duration of human life should be, according to certain natural indications, one hundred years; but, to the disappointment of the friends of his system, he has not lived to demonstrate the correctness of his reasonings. The well-known Italian *librettiste*, Piave, the most assiduous collaborator of Verdi, has just departed this life; as has also, to the great regret of her friends and the musical public, the charming and accomplished singer, Madame Nautier-Didié, whose sojourn in Naples has failed to arrest the malady which has carried her off in the prime of her days and of her talent. The Duc de Luynes, the richest member of the French aristocracy and the most liberal patron of art in all its branches, has fallen a victim to his benevolence. He went to Rome to attend upon the victims of the late fighting, and having given his cloak to a wounded soldier who was suffering greatly, he took a cold, and died a few days ago.

The lovers of Mendelssohn will be glad to learn that the son of the illustrious composer, who is professor of history in the University of Heidelberg, is bringing out the posthumous works of his father. He has just published an eighth book of the famous "Lieder ohne Worte," quite as beautiful as their widely-known predecessors, and is about to publish a symphony called "The Reform," a sonata, and a funeral march composed for the anniversary of the death of his friend Norbert Bergmüller.

The lectures for young women so brilliantly inaugurated at the Sorbonne are being attended not only by a large gathering of girls of the lower and middle classes, for whose benefit they were mainly designed, but also by the daughters of people of the highest rank, among others by the Empress's nieces, the daughters of the late Duchess of Alba, who are passing the winter with their Imperial relative.

The return of Christmas, ushered in by the imposing concomitants of the "Midnight Mass," has been celebrated with all the pomp usually displayed by the Catholic Church in the observance of its "high-tides." The finest voices of the various operatic troupes, the best instrumentalists of the various orchestras, have rendered the noble creations of the Catholic muse

with a perfection which leaves little to be desired on that score. The Archbishop of Paris has officiated at Notre Dame, and various dignitaries of his diocese have beaten "the drum ecclesiastic" in the other principal pulpits of the capital. Thanks, probably, to the exasperation of the narrow patriotism which insists on maintaining the temporal power of the Pope in order to prevent the completion of Italian unity, the churches have been crowded to a degree unparalleled for many a long year. The zeal with which M. Thiers and the mass of Frenchmen who share his prejudices, if not his talent, join hands with the most ultra portion of the clerical party in the preservation of the kingly power of the "Vicar of Christ," reminds one of the reply of Victor Cousin when complimented by one of the most fiery of the bishops on his "conversion," as evidenced by his attitude in a parliamentary discussion of the temporal power:

"Oh! Monseigneur, do not mistake me! I accept the Pope as emphatically as you do; but Jesus Christ, never!"

The splendors of the shops at this season seem to grow more and more splendid every year; but, amidst the host of rival attractions which dispute the contents of the general purse, the confectioners still reign supreme, the various political factions remaining faithful to the one adopted by each. Thus Siraudin is patronized especially by the Imperialists, Boissier by the Orleanists, and Seugnot, in the Rue du Bac, by the Legitimist grandees of Faubourg St. Germain; while the general public—that large portion of every people that troubles not its head overmuch about the politics of the moment—addresses itself to one or the other according to its tastes and the capacity of its portemonnaie, or patronizes the legion of lesser lights of the sugar plum firmament, whose lower charges they find it more easy to meet.

The universal buying of the fortnight that precedes the New Year will be felt as a special godsend just now; for every branch of industry is suffering from the stagnation caused by the general doubt as to what the coming spring may be destined to bring forth. This state of paralysis, so openly admitted in the angry discussions of the legislative body, seems to have extended even to the activities of the *littérateurs* to whom the world of Paris looks for its daily dole of mental pabulum. With the exception of the magnificent illustrated works—mostly reprints—brought out by the leading booksellers for New Year's gifts, no book or play of any importance is announced for the present.

The excitement created in a certain portion of the literary world by the prohibition of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" is far from having subsided. This prohibition is generally regarded as the reply of the Government to the violent attack lately made on its policy by the self-exiled poet, in the shape of a set of verses into which he has put all the sting and bitterness of which his pen is capable. As the Théâtre Français was in treaty with Victor Hugo for a revival of his principal plays, the poet remarked before publishing his satire, "This will cost me 100,000frs." The Government, however, has not openly prohibited the revival in question, but has managed the matter in another way. At the Français—which, as your readers are no doubt aware, is the principal theatre of France subsidized by the Government and under its control—it is customary, whenever a new play is to be brought out, to appoint two actors to each character of the piece, the second actor, styled in theatrical parlance a "lining," being destined in case of illness or other incapacity of the principal actor to take the place of the latter, so that the performance of the play may not be interrupted. This order of proceeding has not been attended to in the case of "Hernani." Mlle. Favart, who takes the part of the heroine, and Delaunay, who takes that of Hernani, have been ill, one after the other, with violent colds, and the rehearsals of the play in question have thus been put off "accidentally" from week to week, as the manager, despite the reiterated demand of the irate poet, has persisted in not appointing the usual "lining" to the various parts. It is probable that, to save appearances—as the opposition journals are keeping up on the subject of "Hernani" a series of irritating attacks on the Government quite out of keeping with the real inferiority of the play—the play will be brought out ere long for a few nights, and then be quietly dropped, and its place be taken by some other production.

The theatres of the capital are all complaining of the scantiness of their audiences. Whether this indifference of the public be due to the fact that everybody is busy shopping, or to the recent intervention of the police, to which we owe a noticeable addition to the quantity and length of the draperies of the ballet-dancers, it is difficult to say, but it is certain that the receipts of these favorite centres of amusement have rarely been so small as they are just now. Even the Porte St. Martin, so greatly in vogue for its splendid fairy pieces and sensation dramas, has felt the general depression, having seen its receipts dwindle down a night or two ago to the unheard-of smallness of three hundred francs! The "luck" of the *diva* of the stage in the matrimonial sphere is, however, far from diminishing;

and a songstress of the Munich Theatre, Mlle. Oswald, has just married Count Heppelberg. It is true that the bridegroom is sixty-five years old, while the bride has not yet attained to "sweet sixteen."

Theodore Rousseau, the best landscape painter of France, and who took the sole medal of honor awarded to that branch of art at the late International Exhibition, has just departed this life, to the great regret of the artist world. Lamartine seems to have suddenly rallied, and, to the surprise of all about him, has come to Paris for change of scene. Sainte-Beuve is believed to be nearing his end, as his malady is regarded as incurable; the process of dissolution is almost certain to be slow and extremely painful.

The issue of Renan's forthcoming work, "Les Apôtres," is understood to be delayed in order to allow of the intermediate republication, in the form of a volume, of various essays, literary and critical, which formerly appeared in various journals of the capital. It may not be known to some of your readers that M. Renan, who lost his post at the Collège de France on the publication of the "Vie de Jésus," is entirely dependent on his pen for support. His wife, daughter of Ary Scheffer, brought him no other dowry than a brilliant name. He lives in very modest style. By the arrangement entered into with his publisher, Lévy, Renan receives one franc for every copy sold of the large edition of the "Life of Jesus," of which 800,000 were sold during the first year after its appearance. He has also a certain amount for each copy sold of the abridged edition of that work. During the first few years of his independent career Renan was extremely poor; happily for him his tastes and habits are simple, and he is thoroughly indifferent to the luxurious vanities of the time. Destined for the priesthood, he was educated at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, where his great talent soon attracted the attention of his teachers, who, believing him to be destined to shine as the champion of the Church, afforded him every possible facility for the study of the Bible in its original tongues, where he acquired that intimate knowledge of Oriental languages and literature which has enabled him to become so formidable an adversary of the system under whose auspices his talent was developed.

On quitting the seminary, as he did when his convictions no longer permitted him to remain in the fold of the Church, Renan found himself penniless and friendless in the midst of Paris. Under the auspices of the eminent Professor Egger, he took part in the course of lectures then being delivered by that *savant*, and also gave private lessons in the classic and Eastern tongues. Having secured an income of about 1,200 francs a year, he wrote and published his first great work on the Semitic languages, the materials for which he had amassed in the course of his studies at St. Sulpice, and whose appearance confirmed the favorable impression created by his lectures, placed him in the front rank of the Oriental scholars of the day, and led to his appointment to the honorable and lucrative chair of Oriental Literature at the Collège de France. But the heterodox tendency of his lectures in that institution soon attracted attention. The clerical party brought so strong a pressure to bear upon the Government that the latter was compelled to eject him from his post. Since that, Renan has devoted himself entirely to the writing of the remarkable works which have drawn upon him the anathema of Rome, and excited so furious a contest of opinions throughout Europe.

## Notes.

### LITERARY.

THE *Revolution* is a new weekly paper of handsome appearance, which may be roughly described as the mouthpiece of a certain number of those persons among us who think that women ought to be allowed to vote. But it gives its own statement of its aims, and these are directed to many objects in the various fields of politics, religion, social life, commerce, and finance. It will uphold, it says, firstly, Educated Suffrage irrespective of Sex or Color; secondly, Equal Pay to Women for Equal Work; thirdly, Eight Hours' Labor—which, we fear, means equal pay to the eight-hours laborer and to the man who does ten hours' work; fourthly, Abolition of Standing Armies and Party Despotisms—a form of words which, used in this country, either means nothing or condemns the police force, say, and all firms or other associations formed for the purpose of doing things; fifthly, the prospectus says Down with the Politician, Up with the People—as to which it is proper to say that the elevation of the people is the elevation of the politician, for, as a matter of fact, the name of that particular sort of person who is ever painfully alert to catch every intimation of the people's wish is Politician. In the matter of religion the *Revolution* demands and will work for Deeper Thought, Broader Ideas, Science, not Superstition, and Love to Man



as well as God. In social life it will favor Morality and Reform, Practical Education, not Theoretical, Facts, not Fiction, Virtue, not Vice, Cold Water, not Alcoholic Drinks or Medicines. Finally, it proposes a new financial and commercial policy. There appears to be some vagueness in its aims in this respect also. "America no longer led by Europe" is one of the leading principles of the new scheme; another is said to be "New York the Financial Centre of the World;" and a third is thus stated, "Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for American Steamships and Shipping." So it seems as if it would be necessary to wait for other numbers of the paper to develop more fully the new policy. The more important as well as rather more intelligible features of it are the imposition of a productive tariff which shall shut out all manufactured articles not made in this country, and the issue of a vast additional quantity of paper money, for the purpose, among others, of peopling this land "from Ocean to Ocean, and from San Francisco to Omaha." We have a financial scheme of our own which we do not know why the *Revolution* should not urge on the public attention: let Congress enact that every qualified voter, native born or duly naturalized, shall, on presentation of his certificate of birth or of naturalization, be empowered to draw, either in person or by attorney, from the printing bureau of the Treasury Department, as many dollars in new greenbacks of any denomination as will, in the drawer's opinion, constitute a competency. On the *Revolution's* theory—which is that of several people—of the absolute value of greenbacks, there can be no doubt of the efficacy of this process in making everybody wealthy and killing "the crisis." It might be repeated as often as the repetition was requested, and if the country were not speedily peopled from Ocean to Ocean, and from San Francisco to Omaha, the blame would at any rate be attributable to some other cause than the lack of printed dollar bills. We have looked carefully through the *Revolution*, from beginning to end, with the hope of finding that the cause whose advocacy will probably be its chief business was going to have in the new paper a reasonably good advocate. Neither in the matter of the first number nor in its tone do we find many grounds for indulging such a hope. On the contrary, there are many grounds for fearing that it will hurt rather than benefit "the cause of female suffrage." Its wildness and vagueness, as shown in the prospectus from which we have quoted; the implied want of anything like ability in its conductors when such a prospectus is put in print, its apparent close connection with Mr. G. F. Train, are all very unfavorable signs, and we look for but little good from its endeavors.

—A late writer in *Harper's Weekly*, commenting on the singular absurdities of our present system of taxation, gives a few facts and figures which are interesting to the literary world in particular. An American publisher, let us say, imports paper as a part of the raw material of which he is to make books. He pays on it a duty of 35 per cent. *ad valorem*. If now, instead of importing blank paper, he sends across the water and has his books printed and bound by foreign workmen, he can bring his paper into the country with a tax on it of only 25 per cent. *ad valorem*. If a further example is sought of the very strange manner in which our lawgivers have managed the revenue business, one can easily be found in the postal regulations regarding the transmission of books through the mails. We need not go into the details which would make it plain how certain results are reached; it is enough to give the results which the law as now existing has produced. A package of books weighing twenty pounds may be sent from London to New York for \$4 80. But let any one send such a package by mail from New York to Newark, N. J., and the postage would amount to \$19 20. So let citizens of St. Louis, who want a dictionary, do as we the other day knew a young man to do, order a "Latham's Johnson" from London instead of a Webster from Springfield, Mass. It is to be remembered that the foreign package will go free after reaching this country. The English dictionary can be bought and received by the Missourian for half the money which it would cost him to buy and receive by mail a "Webster" or a "Worcester." Perhaps we have gentlemen in Congress capable of bringing order into the multifarious confusion of which the above statement gives us a mere glimpse. But certainly from some quarter a remedy ought to come, and we can only hope that it may be brought by experts.

—It is not generally worth while to notice the errors of an auction catalogue, or a list of second-hand books, for criticism will produce no reform. These lists appear to be made by persons who cannot understand a title written in any language but their own, auctioneers and booksellers thinking, and probably with justice, that greater learning in their clerks would only increase the expense of their catalogue without promoting the sale of their books. Moreover, the printing is done in a hurry, often from illegible manuscript, and "extra corrections" are costly. "They manage these

things better in France" and Germany, and many foreign sale catalogues would compare favorably with those of libraries for skill in the statement of bibliographical facts, for moderation and truth in the praise bestowed, and for accuracy in the titles, notwithstanding an occasional slip in the English. And there are exceptions in this country. America can point with satisfaction to the catalogue of the library of W. F. Fowle, and to that of the library of R. W. Roche, edited by J. Sabin.

In these cases the exceptional value of the books justified an exceptional expense. It would not be just to say that the unusually bad catalogue before us—"Catalogue of a very Valuable Collection of Books. . . . comprising some of the Scarcest Elzeviers, Aldus, Plantins. . . . to be sold at Auction by Leavitt, Strebeigh & Co."—describes unusually worthless volumes. Yet it is bad enough, one would think, to prejudice seriously their sale. It is so full of errors of every description that it is as amusing as a Joe Miller. In the very first Number described the imprint is "Amsterdam, 1834," and yet the edition is said to be that "used by Gibbon in his History of Rome," of which, as Macaulay's school-boy must have known, the last volume was published more than thirty years earlier. This book, by the way, and many others afterwards, are described as "folio calf," a term which suggests a new nomenclature to literary drovers. No. 70 gives us a perplexing mixture of languages: "Horatii, F. Opera. Illustrated, notes. C. G. Mitscherlich." No. 72 tells us that an edition printed in 1518 is "a re-impression of the first of 1808." No. 78 would make Quintilian stare and gasp: "Lexicon græco prosodæcum, versus et synonyma complectus;" but perhaps not more than No. 83: "Gillio (Petro) Lexicon Græco-Latinum." In 106 the catalogue does not seem quite sure whether the commentary on the "Somnium Ciceronis" was Marrobii or Macrobbii. In 346 we hear of a new European monarch, "Gustavum II., Svecorum regem." The title of which these words are a part is omitted, we are not surprised to be told, by "De Bure." Passing by such trifles as "Zb. Barclaii Argenis," "ex T. Lipsii," "Ausonii Popinæ Frisii," "Argonautarum," "Græco-carbarum," "Quatuor," "Pisonis, General. De Indiæ utriusque re Naturali," we come to what are, perhaps, the gems of the collection—"Amesii Meduall. Theologie Veræ. 12mo," and "Ansea Pythagoreorum Carmina." Usually the titles are not so disguised but that the pleasant exercise of a little conjectural emendation will reveal their meaning, but two, we confess, have baffled us. They are—No. 122: "Biblia Sacra. Quæ præter Antiquæ Latine Versionis. D. D. Lucæ Oriandri. Large 4to, new half calf. With nice Portrait. Tubingæ, 1600;" and No. 117: "Rosarii Theologie Aurel ad Sententiam tertium Libri Accomodatissimus," which, we are told, is "a nice book."

These may be only typographical mistakes, although we must remark that typographical mistakes in dates of books on sale are rather serious matters. When so much is said about the scarcity and excellence of editions as in this catalogue, one likes to feel some confidence that the book offered is really of the edition described. And it is difficult to decide whether to buy "No. 483. Jaubert Grammaire Turk. Paris, 1833;" or, "501. Taubert, Grammaire Turke. Paris, 1823." Perhaps the epithet "Rare," applied to the latter only, was designed to remove a difficulty which the writer felt he had caused. But it is not the printers who have made all the mistakes. In the French titles the accents are conspicuous by their absence. The capitalizing is a marvel. The English of the notes is on a par with the Latin of the titles. Such sentences as these—"Lanfranc was the first doctor that has made the great chirurgical operations of the art," "Corradi wrote many works; between them two are very scarce—one is the above copy," "So it is very seldom when we can find a copy"—adorn almost every page. No. 119 is recommended as "A treatise on the errors of the Armenians, by Armacanus Bishop and Primate of Ireland." It is really by Richard Fitz-Ralph, Archbishop of Armagh, or, as he would be styled in Latin, Ricardus Archiepiscopus Armacanus. This mistake is excusable, for an auction-room is, of course, not furnished with many books of reference; but then it is provoking to be told that this is "a curious and scarce book," as if the writer knew all about it. After such errors as we have pointed out, what confidence can one have in the notes "A valuable work," "A curious medical work," etc.? A man who pretends to express an opinion on the contents of a book should give some evidence that he understands its title. And yet, after all, one hesitates whether to be indignant at the carelessness which offers to bibliophiles a catalogue bibliographically so faulty, or to be grateful for the innocent amusement which it affords.

—In the last report of the condition of the Boston Public Library we find many things of interest—too many to be exhaustively set forth within our limits. In general, it may be said that the institution maintains its high character as the completion of the school system of the city, to use

Mr. Everett's designation; that it is growing rapidly—the additions for the year just ended amount to 5,303 volumes and 7,769 pamphlets, so that it is now the second in size of American libraries; that it is still fully appreciated by the Bostonians, 53,000 of whom have secured the right to use it, and 12,000 of whom do use it habitually; that it offers well-selected reading even more liberally now than in any former period of its fifteen years of existence, and that it is in every way an honor and a blessing to the community—a well managed and almost perfectly free library. We observe, in looking through the report, some interesting tables which show the relative popularity of various authors, and from these tables we cull a few facts. During the year just past, Cooper was read by 5,460 persons; Dickens by 3,955; Marryat by 3,730; Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz by 3,375; Scott by 2,663; W. Gilmore Simms by 2,345; next come Charles Lever (2,146); Miss Mulock (1,663); Miss Yonge (1,312); Thackeray (1,295); and following this first ten we find, in the order named, these ten other novelists: Mrs. Stowe, Miss Braddon, Charles Reade, Mrs. Grey, Hawthorne, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Tom Hughes, Miss Cummins, Mrs. Charles, and Theodore Winthrop, who found 210 readers to Mrs. Stowe's 980. We learn that Cooper's little known "Stories of the Sea"—speaking from the critical point of view, and not taking the circulating-library test, it is to be called little known—is, among the Bostonians, the most popular of all his works; including duplicates, there are 7 volumes of it, and each volume gets 37 readers, while "The Pioneers," which the publishers say is his best selling book, shows an average to each of its 10 volumes of but 25½ readers; "Ivanhoe" is the most popular of Scott's novels; "Pickwick" of Dickens's; "Never Too Late to Mend" of Charles Reade's; "Hyperion" of Longfellow's prose works; "The Scarlet Letter" is by much the most popular of Hawthorne's romances; and Lever's "Charles O'Malley" is more read than any other of his books. Among the poets Longfellow leads; his 44 volumes (inclusive of duplicates) found 429 readers; Tennyson, 12 volumes, had 124 readers; Whittier found 91, and Clough only 4. Readers of the "Minor Drama" numbered 757; of "Bell's Theatre" 859; of "Shakespeare" 545. About the travellers we can hardly tell. To judge by the number of duplicates which it is found necessary to keep on hand, it would seem as if Doctor Kane's "Arctic Explorations" is most in request, and that Bayard Taylor's works come next. Prescott is more read than any other historian; then comes Froude, then Bancroft, then Motley. Of semi-historical works relating to the rebellion, "Semmes's Cruise" is first in the list, followed by "Barnard's Peninsular Campaign," a "Youth's History of the Rebellion," and "Greeley's American Conflict." Juvenile readers, with whom we end, seem to like Mayne Reid best, Jacob Abbott next, and Harper's "Story Books"—which we are not able to name specifically—are third in popularity. If the trustees of the library should incorporate such tables in future reports—and they possess both value and interest—it is to be desired that they be a little more definite.

—The sudden death of the Duc de Luynes, the sole remaining representative in France of the *grand seigneur* of other days, a most liberal patron of art, and kindly and generous to the last degree, has given rise to a host of anecdotes concerning him, in none of which, perhaps, are his princely qualities better exhibited than in that which involves the late painter Ingres. Twenty years ago the Duke was making of his magnificent château of Dampierre, in the valley of Chevreuse, one of the richest of art museums extant, and to induce Ingres to paint for him there some great work worthy of his pencil, he offered him 60,000 francs, and free quarters in the château for himself and his family, furnishing all the servants and paying all the expenses. Ingres accepted, but with reluctance, and he and his wife were duly installed in a luxurious and splendid suite of rooms. After some time the Duke showed him the chamber whose walls he was to decorate, but delicately made no stipulation as to the size, subject, or style of the desired painting, saying: "*Voilà! I insist on nothing; do just what you will and when you will.*" Ingres responded by demanding that some excellent paintings by Gleize—"rubbish," as he termed them—should first be scratched off. The Duke complied and absented himself, and for the next two months the painter and his wife explored at their leisure the beautiful environs of Dampierre. The following year the Duke received from Ingres complaints that his wife could not endure the cook allowed them and must have another, with additional accommodations, and that the blue velvet hangings of the room to be painted must be changed for grey to harmonize with his subject; and the easy Duke at once assented. Summer, however, was again spent out-of-doors in the environs, so that when the Duke returned in the winter Ingres had nothing to show but sulkiness, but as soon as he had turned his back wrote him that the grey hangings must be changed to green. This, too, was done, and the artist then shut himself up in the "Ingres Room," letting no one enter at any time, and keeping one whole

wing of the château under lock and key that he might not be overlooked. The steward wrote to the Duke that he might now return, as Ingres had surely begun. But on his arrival, no offer was made to show him the work in progress, and "noblesse" constrained the Duke not to ask to see it. This sort of see-saw lasted three years, and might have continued indefinitely, had not the Duke, it is said, on one of his visits, perceived from his window a woman spreading wet linen upon the choicest exotics of a favorite parterre; and crying out hastily, "Hallo, my good woman!" discovered too late that it was Mme. Ingres herself. No apology could satisfy her enraged husband, who professed to be greatly insulted in her person, and the couple that very day quitted the château for Paris. When they were gone the Duke hastened to open the mysterious room, and found upon the wall—the unfinished outline of a single head! This he allowed to remain for some years as the painter had left it, but subsequently covered with a rich collection of ancient armor the drawing for which he had paid 60,000 francs.

—The most modern of studies is the critical study of the history of art. When, nowadays, a student of that branch says "the fine arts," he means a different thing from what his predecessor meant twenty years ago. Not only do we cultivate the field in a very different manner; the field itself has enormously widened, and the new ground has opened up in the most unexpected way, and yields the most startling crops—all within a dozen or fifteen years. All Europe has been dazed with the newly discovered decorative and descriptive art of Japan, and, while still bewildered with that, and only little by little settling to the work of analyzing and critically examining it, there come the results of the Tei-ping rebellion and the French and British march to Peking, plunder and purchases reach Europe, and Europe learns that during an intercourse of several hundred years nothing of importance has been learned of Chinese ornamental art, and little that has been learned has been learned accurately: it must be learned over again. Mr. Owen Jones is well known as one who supplies the English artists and students with big books on ornamental art; years ago he published his work on the "Alhambra;" afterwards, with greatly superior mechanical facilities, his large folio edition of the "Grammar of Ornament;" from time to time many smaller, although not small, works on kindred subjects; and now, not a month ago, "Examples of Chinese Ornament." Mr. Jones is not a highly critical writer; moreover, his own designs, whether embodied in the decoration of London buildings or published in books like "1001 Initial Letters," are not of the first force even of modern design. But his books are of great use on account of the large amount of material they offer, and what seems the faithfulness of their reproductions of ornament. In the preface to the new "Examples of Chinese Ornament," he says: "We have long been familiar with the power of the Chinese to balance colors; but we were not so well acquainted with their power of treating ornamental forms; and in the 'Grammar of Ornament' I was led, from my then knowledge, to express the opinion that the Chinese had not the power of dealing with conventional ornamental form; but it now appears that there has been a period in which a school of art existed in China of a very important kind." In other words, we did not know much, and jumped at conclusions; it now appears that our conclusions were wrong. The book in question consists of one hundred plates in colors, very well executed, and giving specimens of the full size of Chinese color decoration from painted china, cloisonné enamels, and painted surface-enamels on copper. It is a very interesting and valuable book. It is published not by Day & Son (Limited), but by S. & T. Gilbert, "Bank of the Bank of England."

#### CONFUCIUS.\*

If there is a civilization to whose merits we are more generally and thoroughly unjust than to those of any other, it is the Chinese. If there is a historical phenomenon whose wonderful and anomalous character fails to attract a due share of our attention and study, it is the persistency of Chinese national life. The present Emperor of the Flowery Land is the lineal successor of an almost endless line of sovereigns, running back into times deemed pre-historic by nearly every other race; and he is charged with administering institutions which grew up on the very ground he occupies—originated, developed, and handed down by the same people that now lives under them. When not a single Germanic tribe had learned to read and write, China had entered upon her modern era. When petty Roman chiefs, whose very existence is doubted by the historical criticism of our day, were brawling in an obscure Italian village, the representative man of

\* "The Life and Teachings of Confucius. With Explanatory Notes. By James Legge, D.D." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867. 8vo, pp. vi., 338.

"Confucius and the Chinese Classics; or, Readings in Chinese Literature. Edited and compiled by Rev. A. W. Loomis." San Francisco and New York: A. Roman & Co. 1867. 12mo, pp. 432.



China was casting in a form which should endure for ever the gradually elaborated wisdom of numberless generations of his ancestors. When the Greeks, happily settled near to the homes of older systems of culture, were only preparing the way for that glorious career on which they later entered, the Chinese state had already become, in the main, what it is now. When the Hebrews were wearily wandering through the deserts in search of their promised land, the Yellow River of China had been shut in, and its meadows reclaimed from devastation by the same public works which still stand, maintained by the same race, for the same purpose. Through how many hands has the inestimable gift of culture passed on its way to us! How have its chief possessors, one after another, been swept away—worn out, as it were, by their efforts to sustain and advance it! How wonderful, then, is the calm continuance of the Chinese nation and its institutions!

It is easy for us to sneer at Chinese civilization, and cast contempt upon its products; but it is so immeasurably superior to anything that our own ancestors had attained but a few centuries ago, that we, who have climbed to our present height upon the shoulders of men alien to our race, would do well to be a little modest. A people who taught the world to make silk and porcelain, who invented the compass, gunpowder, and the art of printing; who have produced a literature exceeded in value and interest only by those of a very few other races, the acknowledged leaders in human history—such a people is too secure in its position to be affected by the taunts of such upstarts as we are. Undoubtedly we are right in believing that our culture contains far higher elements than theirs, and is upborne by a more energetic and progressive capacity; there are radical deficiencies and incongruities in Chinese character that justify the feeling of distaste with which we contemplate it; but this neither excuses our wholesale depreciation and disregard nor takes away the interest of the historical problem set before us. It is, after all, the desire of every race, as of every individual, to prolong its life; to keep up indefinitely its separate consciousness and activity: how have the Chinese attained this object so much more successfully than any other existing member of the human family—than any which has ever existed, with the exception, perhaps, of the Egyptian?

To the student of Chinese history there is one epoch of transcendent importance—an epoch when the inner life of the nation, we may almost say, crystallized into shape; when, at least, it received its model for all future time; when the ancient literature was worked over, reduced to its essential elements, and increased with new matter, to form a classical and sacred canon, to stand thenceforth for ever, and to exercise over the national mind all that influence which belongs to the Bible among Christian nations, the Veda in India, the Koran among Mohammedans. This epoch was the life of one man, Confucius, the highest type of the Chinese moralist and thinker; by him and his disciples was the work accomplished. A modest and self-restrained man, he made no pretence of divine appointment or supernatural power; he was simply a good citizen and patriot, a humble student of the wisdom of past times, a seer and teacher of the right way. He made himself a focus, in which were gathered all the scattered rays of light from ancient sages and worthies, to be poured forth in one steady stream of enlightenment upon the future. The times were not propitious to his undertaking. The empire was in a state of almost anarchy, amid whose storms his life, as a reformer and administrator, was tossed about and wrecked; he died in discouragement and obscurity. But his doctrines and example began after his death to win the minds and hearts of his countrymen, and rapidly attained an influence which time has not worn out nor persecution subdued. And such is the scale upon which this influence has been exerted, that Confucius stands forth as one of the most prominent figures in the history of humanity.

The task which Dr. Legge has undertaken, in illustration of the life and labors of Confucius, is a gigantic one. His plan includes the whole canonical literature of China, the "Shi King," and the "Four Books"—written, in part, by Confucius himself; in part selected by him from the older literature, and arranged and commented; in part the records of his teachings and of those of his principal disciples and successors. All these books had been already made accessible to Western scholars, but in various tongues, by various hands, at various times and places, and with various degrees of scholarship. Dr. Legge's is an entirely independent work, founded upon his own study, for more than twenty years, of the sacred texts themselves, and of the whole immense body of native comment upon them. He is issuing from the press a stately series of royal octavo volumes, in which are contained the Chinese texts, with complete apparatus for their illustration—English versions, the text and translation of works, or parts of works, bearing upon those under treatment, notes critical and explanatory, biographies, historical sketches, indexes, and glossaries. Four volumes have

already appeared: the first contains three of the "Four Books," namely, those which have to do more especially with Confucius himself; the second, the works of Mencius, composing the fourth "Book;" while the other two present a part of the "Shi-King," or Historical Classic. Six or eight more will probably be required to finish the series.

At a very early period in his labors, Dr. Legge was not left without testimonials of an unwelcome kind to their value and general usefulness. Hardly had their first instalment reached this country, when some *savant* in the provincial town of Worcester, Massachusetts, put forth proposals for a reprint of their English portion, and, by way of adding insult to injury, ventured certain criticisms, more self-complacent than wise, on parts of the editor's work. The latter, under this provocation, and in order to forestall similar piracies, determined to hasten the execution of a plan which he had already in view, and to accompany his grand text edition with another adapted to a much larger circle of readers. Accordingly, in the volume before us, he gives the main contents of the first of the original series, with omission only of the Chinese texts, and of the critical notes, glossaries, etc. No better beginning could have been made than with this particular volume, which supplies the material needed for a comprehension of the character and activity of the Chinese sage, and we hope that the reception given it by the public will be so hearty as to encourage the editor and his publishers to go on without delay to issue the rest of the smaller series. The larger is so expensive, and Chinese scholars capable of using it with profit are so few among us, that we can hardly hope to see it excepting in our libraries of the first class.

The California enterprise is vastly more legitimate and respectable than the Worcester one, although Mr. Loomis's volume is also rather more than half made up of extracts from Dr. Legge's. Any one who prepares such a thesaurus of authentic and valuable materials as the latter has done, must expect to have it freely drawn upon by compilers. It is only as compiler that Mr. Loomis comes before us, but he appears to have done his work conscientiously and earnestly, and with a worthy purpose. Certainly, the California public needs all the enlightenment respecting China and the Chinese history and institutions that it can be made to receive, in order to be led to treat its Chinese fellow-citizens as men, rather than as brutes—and so, in a less degree, do we upon this side of the continent, and the whole world of enlightened white men. Mr. Loomis—himself, we believe, for some time a missionary in China, like Dr. Legge—has had resort, throughout, to excellent and trustworthy sources, and has produced a highly readable and instructive book.

We have been solicitous rather to point out the general considerations which lend importance to these two publications, and so to direct toward them general attention and appreciation, than to win favor in their behalf by extracts or descriptions of their contents. Those who resort to them with the expectation of finding a purer morality, a higher wisdom, than we have access to elsewhere, will be disappointed. Nothing that the world has produced besides will bear comparison with the fruits of Hebrew inspiration, of Greek and Roman genius. Yet these are not to be understood, either in their general characteristics or in their special excellences, till they are set side by side with the best efforts of other races, and judged by them. Such historical study will strike down our arrogance, and inspire us with respect for our fellow-men, even while it teaches us to value more highly our own advantages.

#### FATHER LACORDAIRE.\*

It was the opinion of the late Father Lacordaire, formed during a visit to England, and at the sight of the flourishing condition of certain Catholic foundations in that country, that the Catholic Church was destined in the course of time to reassert its sway over the stronghold of Protestantism, and, indeed, that all the forms of modern scepticism concentrating themselves in a single camp, and all the forms of faith collecting about the Catholic standard, the contest would be reduced to a battle between these two armies, in which the latter would be victorious. It is, moreover, the opinion of the author of this volume that the influence of Father Lacordaire in particular is destined rapidly to expand until all weak and wandering souls have felt its fortifying virtue, and until the uttermost ends of the earth have confessed its celestial efficacy. Under these circumstances, it seems not unsuitable to make some enquiry into the character and history of the remarkable man who entertained such ardent hopes and communicated them to others, the more especially as Father Lacordaire is in any event a singularly interesting object of study. He was a combination of

\* "The Inner Life of the Very Reverend Père Lacordaire, of the Order of Preachers. Translated from the French of the Rev. Père Chacarne, O. P." Dublin. 1867.

the most dissimilar qualities and tendencies. His character was made up of elements partially hostile to each other, which, by the intensity of his will, he had reduced to unity and consistency. One of his disciples qualified him happily enough as "an ancient Christian in a modern man." He was a mediæval monk and a political liberal. His sympathies, one may say, dwelt in the future and his ideas in the past. He subjected his body to the most rigorous austerities known to the cloister at the same time that he protested against religious persecution, and raised his voice in favor of personal and political liberty. He revived in France that monastic order whose members were the most active servants of the Inquisition, and he founded and conducted a school in which an ample freedom of conscience was allowed to pupils. And, moreover, in all things his sincerity was without reproach. Whatever he did, he did with the accent of conviction.

Jean-Baptiste-Henri Lacordaire was born in a small village in Burgundy in the year 1802—the year in which the Church emerged from the eclipse from which it had suffered during the régime of the Revolution. He was educated at Dijon under the care of an excellent mother. In his early years he showed signs of that passion for religious oratory which was to become the great resource of his manhood by preaching sermons to his nurse over the back of a chair. But as he grew older, and yielded himself to the discipline of public schools, his religious instincts died away, and were to be awakened again only by a personal experience of the vanity of earthly satisfactions. In 1822 he went up to Paris with the intention of studying law. He entered the office of an eminent advocate, worked hard, and was finally called to the bar, where he immediately gave evidence of his pronounced faculty for public speaking. But the very first sweets of professional success turned bitter upon his conscience. He gave himself up to religious meditations, and in May, 1824, proclaimed himself converted. His experience of the world had been brief—he was only twenty-two—but it had been intense. His feelings, indeed, were all intense, his nature was passionate, and he went in all things to extremities. To become a priest was to his mind the logical result of becoming a Christian, just as to become a monk was subsequently the logical result of becoming a priest. He entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, began his theological studies, was ordained *abbé*, and spent several years in a state of strong religious and political fermentation. It was not in his nature to be idle; he longed for occupation and action, and at one time was on the point of starting as missionary to the United States, a country for which he always entertained a high esteem. The motive feeling of all his subsequent career was a desire for the perfect independence of the Church under the state, and he found his conception satisfied by the situation of the Church in this country. He was detained in France by an invitation to take part in the conduct of the *Avenir* newspaper, founded in 1830 by M. de Lamennais, and devoted to the maintenance of this programme as well as to that of various other liberal measures. The fate of the *Avenir* and its conductors has since become notorious. The latter carried their doctrines to an extreme which challenged the disapproval of the Papacy. They were summoned to Rome, and invited to retract. Lacordaire offered an immediate and total submission, and Lamennais held his ground, reiterated his views, and forthwith became for a time the black sheep of Catholic Christendom. Whatever may be the real value of the course taken by Lamennais, certain it is that Lacordaire was guilty of profound inconsistency, and that it is vain to attempt to prove, in the manner of the author of the volume before us, that there is no breach in the unity of his conduct. This is more than Lacordaire himself would have claimed. Absolute submission was in his eyes a duty whenever demanded by an ecclesiastical superior, but he would assuredly have admitted that it was a rupture with one's own development, and not a consummation and sanctification of it. He might, however, make express and isolated submission *ad infinitum*; he was unable to abjure the essential liberalism of his mind. On his return from Rome he began the series of "conferences" or sermons from the pulpit of Notre Dame, in Paris, which inaugurated and established his reputation and his influence as a sacred orator. During the years which ensued he conceived and matured the plan of reviving on French soil one of the extinct orders of monks, and finally decided in favor of the branch of the order of St. Dominic consecrated to preaching. This scheme offered a great variety of obstacles, but with courage, tact, and perseverance he successively overcame them, and in 1843 opened at Nancy the first of the new Dominican convents. He had passed his own novitiate in one of the Italian convents, and in 1840 had pronounced the solemn monastic vows which consecrated his final rupture with the world. But, in truth, to take leave of the world was for Lacordaire but to take possession of himself and his own genius. As a shaven and sandalled monk he was now to arrive at the perfection of his own development. He had recruited a considerable number of young

men passionately desirous to embrace the Dominican career. He had in each case tested the soundness of their vocation, and when he had opened the house at Nancy he was able, as one may say, to stock it with persons of exemplary worth. At the close of 1840 he had reappeared in the pulpit of Notre Dame in his monastic habit, and had thereby authoritatively demanded and obtained tolerance for his order. Public opinion was the tribunal to which at all times Father Lacordaire ultimately appealed, and as, thanks to his irresistible eloquence as a speaker, he exercised a powerful sway upon the public temper, he seldom appealed in vain. The interval until 1854 was occupied with establishing new convents, to the number of four in all, preaching in various cities, and fostering with unwearied diligence the growth and influence of his order. In 1848 he was returned by the city of Marseilles as a member of the Constitutional Assembly of the new republic, a position which he occupied with no increase of reputation, and from which he speedily retired. One may say that throughout his career Father Lacordaire showed an indifference to superficial consistency of action, and a disposition to sacrifice it to the essential interests of the truth at stake, which do real credit to his sincerity. A good example of this tendency is offered by his acceptance of his election to the French Academy—an act which was thought at the time to be at flagrant variance with the character of an ascetic monk, but which he justified on the ground that he diverted the honor to the collective glory of his order, and that he made it a matter of conscience to repudiate no testimony that the monastic character was no obstacle to public consideration. In 1852 he had made a journey to England, and received from the spectacle of the three Dominican convents established in that country the gratifying impressions indicated at the outset of our remarks. Shortly after his return he entered upon the third and (to our mind) decidedly the most interesting phase of his career. He proceeded to the foundation of two houses of education, the colleges, namely, of Oullins and Lorège, in the neighborhood of Toulouse. For a very charming account of the latter establishment—the one over which he presided in person—we refer the reader to Mr. Matthew Arnold's little book, "A French Eton." In 1854 he had resigned the generalship of the French province of his order, and from that moment to his death had devoted himself to his pupils. He died in 1861.

His influence was exerted through three channels: his "conferences," his published writings, and, finally, his school. Belonging as we do to the profane and Protestant half of society, we are naturally able to form no estimate of the large spiritual empire which he is said to have exerted over the members of his order, his pupils, and those who placed themselves under his direction. His present biographer relates a number of instances of the spiritual efficacy of his contact and conversation. We can readily believe that he possessed the authority which accompanies great intensity of will, as well as the irresistible charm which belongs to passionate tenderness of feeling. Lacordaire had both of these gifts; and no small portion of his influence is logically explained by the fact that, besides being a most sagacious guide and an eloquent preacher, he was also a perfect exemplar and model of the spiritual virtues. He subjected his own person and character to the action of his will quite as much, and, indeed, decidedly more than he exerted it upon the lives of others. At the very outset of his career he seems to have reconciled himself by a prodigious moral effort to the utmost possible extremity of spiritual submission, so that never for an instant was he found wanting in perfect obedience, and so that, moreover, he never hesitated to enforce in all its rigor a virtue of which he was so completely the master. Nevertheless, severe as he was in his own regard, he was not so severe but that one is tempted to apply the simple term *impudence* to certain manifestations of his sacred fervor in the assumed interest of his friends. Of his own personal austerities, concerning which Father Chocarne gives some very curious details whereof we shall presently speak, one may hold such opinion as one finds it most natural to form; but what is one to think of such an anecdote as the following? A certain young man of wealth, satiated with pleasure, and longing for spiritual light and repose, had presented himself to the reverend father in quest of these treasures. Lacordaire had prescribed a retreat and meditation in a religious house, and ultimately the assumption of the Dominican habit; but the young man's friends had interfered and by their importunities had prevented him from acting upon this advice. The unhappy gentleman accordingly had spent a year in the utmost distress and irresolution of mind, yearning, and yet fearing, to break with the world and seek for peace in the cloister. At the end of this period he received a note from Lacordaire, summoning him to the apartment which he occupied when in Paris at the house of the Carmelites. The reverend father received him with great severity and rebuked him sternly for his weakness and cowardice. Then, suddenly inflamed by a sacred ardor, he commanded him to fall on his knees and lay bare his shoul-



ders. The young man felt that it was not in him to disobey. Lacordaire seized a discipline of leathern thongs and inflicted a sound scourging. With the first blow the happy victim felt an ecstatic sense of relief. He had received his baptism. He rose with a fortified spirit and a complete absence of all doubts of his vocation. To perform such acts as this one certainly needs that sacred audacity which is a result of grace, but one also needs a little of that grosser sort of assurance which is merely a gift of nature.

The writings of Father Lacordaire may be fairly pronounced, on the testimony of the most impartial critics, works of no great value. His reading was extensive in certain directions, but his information was not large, and his compositions exhibit that poverty of thought which smites with its hideous barrenness all those works which come to the world through seminaries and cloisters. We do not of course mean to pass a sweeping condemnation on such works, we only mean that, to be read with satisfaction, they should be read also in seminaries and cloisters. It is only when the sound of the world's mighty life is shut out from our ears, and the fruits of its ceaseless labor hidden from our eyes, that we can forgive the want of criticism, the want of the faculty of appreciation, the want of *reality*—in a word, the intellectual insufficiency of books like our author's lives of Saint Dominic and Saint Mary Magdalen. We can enjoy them in our actual circumstances in a considerable degree, but this is not what the author asks. We must be moved, enlightened, converted. Ah! we exclaim, what a far different thing is the light of our profane desire. What we say of Father Lacordaire's writings holds good of his sermons as we now possess them. The reader is surprised that they should have stirred vast multitudes and awakened so many sleeping consciences. But here, as in the case of so many famous orators whom we know only by their printed discourses, we are obliged to fall back upon the delivery. There can be no doubt that there was a magic virtue in his utterance, manner, and aspect, and that it was in these things strictly that his eloquence lay.

Père Chocarne, the author of the volume before us, is simply an unquestioning enthusiast and devotee, from whom it would be folly to require any intelligent appreciation of the subject of his biography. His book is interesting, however, as an exhibition of the sort of profound attachment, and the kind of impression of absolute personal sanctity and value, which it was in the power of Father Lacordaire to produce. It justifies, moreover, its title by a full account of Lacordaire's private devotions and austerities. This remarkable man possessed so great a force of will that one is constantly in doubt as to where, in his career, passion ceased and volition began—as to when he was acting from inspiration and when he was acting on theory. We are quite unable to satisfy ourselves as to how far his assumption of the monastic character was a spiritual necessity, and how far a spiritual luxury—how far a matter of humility and how far a matter of pride. They order these things much better in the Catholic Church than we do in the world. Happy beings, the reader exclaims, as he peruses this record of the Dominican revival; happy beings, who could get such satisfaction out of your souls! who, burdened with this heavy, mortal necessity of a conscience, were able so cunningly to make it pay for its prerogative. Certain it is, however, that having once entered upon a monastic life, Father Lacordaire resolved to be a monk indeed. "A modern man," as one of his disciples pronounced him; but in no degree a modern monk. He plunged deep into the heart of the monastic ideal. "The hidden source of all his heroic resolutions," says his biographer, "the explanation of his whole life, (was) his love for Jesus Christ crucified. . . . Strange to say, even before his conversion, this idea of the cross of the Son of God seemed to pursue him. On the 15th of March, 1824, not being yet in possession of the faith, he writes: 'I should wish to be fastened alive to a wooden cross.' He passionately cherished through life the idea of the actual physical crucifixion, and constantly strove to keep fresh in his mind the thought of its anguish by a variety of ingenious mechanical devices. At one time he actually had himself crucified for three hours by means of ropes. But at all times he practised the most painful and degrading mortifications—such as causing himself to be lashed to a column and scourged, having his brother monks spit in his face, washing and kissing their feet—if, indeed, the kissing did not come first. Infinitely revolting, one says of these things, but apparently Lacordaire found his account in them. They possessed an exquisite adaptation to the species of culture to which he had subjected himself, and there is no species of culture that this marvellous human nature of ours will not patiently endure. One thing is plain, that, whether very proud or very humble, Father Lacordaire is made, in the volume before us, the object of an intensity of homage which in these days falls to the lot of very few persons. He was, in truth, a very remarkable man, but he was less remarkable than at first sight he appears to be. Father Chocarne exhibits to us all that he possessed; but who will exhibit all that he lacked? No one,

assuredly, is competent to the task. We have but to look about to the world, to the age, and to the swarming elements of our own lives, and we will get a faint impression of it. Cut a man off from all human responsibilities, from society, and from his time—free him from the shackles and embarrassments which wait upon the moments of him who honestly attempts to *live*—simplify his career to this degree, and he will be a sad weakling if he cannot show you some fair achievement as the fruit of his hours. From the beginning to the end of these records of Father Lacordaire's life, there is hardly a faint echo of the sounds and movements of our age. He ignored it. He averted his head and cried that it was not worth looking at. One may say, therefore, that he quite failed to understand it, and that the most vigorous attempts to work upon it from his standpoint will be of necessity mere sword-thrusts in water. For our own part, accordingly, we feel no uncertainty as to the worth of Father Chocarne's estimate of the destinies of his friend's influence.

*Recent Republications.*—We do not now recall any book of travels with which to compare this boat-log of Thoreau's\*—now a quarter of a century old, and more—unless it be, in striking contrast, the unrheterical, unimaginative, almost unreflecting canoe-log of the *Rob Roy*, in all the months and thousand miles of which the muscular Christian saw not so much as Thoreau observed in one of his seven precious days. Few men both loved and knew nature so well as the Concord surveyor, and very few have ever rivalled him in describing landscape, for which he united the insight of the naturalist, the sympathy of the poet, and the dexterous handling of the artist. "The shallowest still water," he remarks of Concord River, "is unfathomable. Wherever the trees and skies are reflected, there is more than Atlantic depth, and no danger of fancy running aground. We notice that it required a separate intention of the eye, a more free and abstracted vision, to see the reflected trees and the sky, than to see the river bottom merely." Painters know how difficult it is to represent these phenomena together. Of a shoal of minnows he says, fancifully, "they swept by as if moved by one mind, continually gliding past each other, and yet preserving the form of their battalion unchanged, as if they were still embraced by the transparent membrane which held the spawn." Among the shadows and the fish Thoreau was perfectly at home. "There is in my nature, methinks, a singular yearning toward all wildness." "In my Pantheon, Pan still reigns in his pristine glory. . . . Perhaps of all the gods of New England and of ancient Greece, I am most constant at his shrine." There lurks in this last expression his theological heresy, which is prominent in each of the seven chapters of his diary, and particularly that headed "Sunday." He wants tact in his assertions of dissent and unbelief, and there is often a gruff *insouciance* about him that repels needlessly the reader. He affects an untutored frankness and an extravagance of conceit which permit us to call him an intellectual and polished Walt Whitman, as might be verified by quotations of verse, if we had the space. As for the narrative in this book, it is a mere pretence. Nobody cares, and nobody will remember, where the voyage as such began and where it ended. Every object suggests a reflection of some sort or other, and at every turn the poets are lugged in, and so the day is spun out, for the most part agreeably. No one, however, for all the dry humor, and exquisite coloring, and abundant information, and antiquarian lore, and metaphysical speculation—no one, indeed, *because* of these—can read this book consecutively. Read at intervals, with leisure to think, to digest, to admire, and to differ, it is a permanently delightful chronicle, in spite of a certain affectation, occasional puerilities of style and even of thought, and obscurities not always worth lighting up.

Timeliest of all reprints, certainly, is this of the famous and as yet unequalled reports of Horace Mann, as secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education.† They are all here—the statistics alone being omitted, by which Massachusetts might be compared with herself from 1837 to 1848—in a compact volume, preserving the arguments and illustrations with which Mr. Mann gradually wrought a complete reformation in the school system of the State, and gave to it that impulse towards a higher development which has sufficed to this day and will ever be his glory. Theologically, he was esteemed much more of a radical than he would be now; and for that very reason his writings will commend themselves and prove peculiarly useful to the friends of education abroad, among whom both the extent and kind of education to be furnished by the state are now exciting unwonted attention. The conflict between the classicists and the advocates of a scientific training, the speeches of Mr. Lowe, Earl

\* "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers. By Henry D. Thoreau." New and revised edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868. Pp. 415.

† "Life and Works of Horace Mann. Edited by Mrs. Mary Mann." In five volumes. Vol. III. Boston: Horace B. Fuller. 1868. Pp. 758.

Russell, and the Duke of Argyll in England, and the action of M. Duruy in France, portend a revolution in established modes and institutions of learning. The shining example of the North, the even more striking example of education among the freedmen, convey a political lesson of the highest and also, fortunately, of the plainest significance. In the practical wisdom of Horace Mann those who mean to let down knowledge among the hitherto untaught, and therefore dangerous, classes, will find an invincible armory of reasoning and facts. To all such, wherever battling for popular education, we hold up this volume as America's best contribution.

## Fine Arts.

### PICTURES AT BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

WE have received, from a gentleman connected with Bowdoin College, a letter concerning a collection of pictures in the possession of the college, elicited by our remarks on the Jarves collection in the *Nation* of Dec. 26. The substance of it is as follows:

BOWDOIN COLLEGE has long possessed one of the rarest and most valuable collections in the country. Named for the courtly Huguenot who founded and partly endowed it, the college received also from his generous hand a collection of ninety paintings which he had been gathering for many years in Europe, and among which he had secured some originals of recognized value. A later donation, by Col. G. W. Boyd, increased the collection to upwards of 130 pictures. It is not possible within the limits of a letter to give any adequate description of this gallery; but a few of the pictures may be mentioned as being of especial interest.

Rubens is represented in this gallery by four of his most successful pictures—one of Diana and Endymion, one of Ceres offering fruit to Venus, one of Achilles at the court of Lycomedes in female dress, discovered by Ulysses, according to the well-known story, and one of St. Simeon in the Temple holding the child Jesus. This last-named picture was well known in London when Sir Joshua Reynolds was president of the Royal Academy, and is the picture referred to in his lectures as one of the finest examples of Rubens's best work.

Vandyke has in this collection but a single painting; but that is in the line in which he won his special renown. It is a portrait of a governor of Gibraltar. The custodians of the gallery have been assured that this picture would find many purchasers in England at an appraisal of five or six thousand pounds.

"Mary and Elizabeth, with the infants Jesus and John," is attributed to Raphael. It has been pronounced by good authority as exhibiting in a certain degree "all the excellences of his best pictures."

The "Contenance of Scipio" is a classical painting, thought by Stuart to be an original by Poussin, or a very excellent copy. In color and attitude it is one of the richest pictures of the collection.

Another fine group is "Venus binding Cupid." The painter is unknown. The picture was brought from the Grand Duke's palace at Florence.

The gallery contains three small paintings from the pencil of Hogarth. Francesco Salviati is represented by a painting on copper of "The Women at the Sepulchre." There is also an infant "John the Baptist," by Stella; one of Snyder's famous animal pieces, and various works of painters less widely known. The collection is rich in portraits; besides the one already mentioned by Vandyke, there is an original likeness of Mirabeau, a portrait of Savonarola, one of Lorenzo de' Medici, one of Garrick, and one (supposed) of Kepler. There is a genuine Copley, a portrait of Thomas Fluker, a secretary of the Province of Massachusetts, and portraits by Stuart of Presidents Monroe and Jefferson.

These art treasures may well have escaped the notice of even well-informed people, and perhaps have remained unappreciated and almost unknown to some of Bowdoin's own children, since they have been cooped up in a gallery so ill-arranged that they could not properly be said to be "on exhibition" at all. The Memorial Hall, which is projected and for which ground is already broken, will afford them accommodation where their merits can be both discoverable and accessible.

We have no knowledge of these pictures beyond that supplied by our correspondent; and are glad to learn that there is in Brunswick, Maine, where Bowdoin College is situated, a gallery of one hundred and thirty pictures owned by an institution of learning. It is a proof of the small interest taken by the American public in matters connected with art, and of the almost total absence of a class of persons having critical knowledge of the

subject, that these pictures have been so little noticed. In Europe, a collection embracing four pictures ascribed to Rubens, one ascribed to Vandyke, one to Snyder, and the rest, would have been the cause of a great deal of public discussion. The pictures to which great names are attached would have been carefully examined by many experts; a vast amount of nonsense would have been written about them, of course, but some good sense as well; and in the end they would have been fairly enough estimated.

If there is a catalogue of the Bowdoin collection, it should give the history of each picture as far back as possible, and the results of whatever critical examination it may have had before leaving Europe. This is especially the case with pictures which have been long in this country; for the general criticism of pictures twenty years ago was much less accurate and exhaustive than it has become since that time. The Jarves collection is fortunate in this respect, that it has been through the fire of European criticism as lately as from 1857 to 1860, and that very many of the pictures composing it are well known to the superintendents and purchasing-agents of the great collections, who have been and are ready to buy this one and that for the galleries under their charge. Some pictures, whether because unusually important or because of questions about them hard to answer, still remain in Europe, though ultimately destined for the Jarves collection; they remain there to be absolutely verified. It is a matter of years and of close study, and that of many men, to fix by internal evidence the authorship of a picture. Documentary evidence, whether direct or merely illustrative, is also slow to collect. The naming of pictures in most of the great galleries has been a most curious jumble of blunders. Pictures obviously of Italian origin are coolly catalogued as by Velasquez in one case—by Holbein in another; in each instance because Velasquez or Holbein was unrepresented or poorly represented in the gallery in question. Modern investigation, comparison of styles and research among documents, has exploded a great many errors, but a host of bubbles still wait to be burst. Thus, Mr. Wornum has been showing ("Epochs of Painting," 447) that Philip Wouwerman only worked for about thirty years, while there are attributed to him, as if of definitely ascertained fact, and by one authority, seven hundred and ninety-three minute and elaborate pictures; or rather more than one a fortnight for his thirty years. Then come the correlative and contrary blunders: Peter Wouwerman, a younger brother and pupil, worked for some forty years; a fellow-townsmen, Van Hugtenburg, for a still longer period of time; they were both distinguished and popular painters; but the same authorities which have been so generous to Philip Wouwerman's fame, give two pictures to his brother and one to Hugtenburg. The whole of this and of other such chapters in the history of cataloguing is curious and instructive. And as regards Italian painting, the pleasant fables of Vasari must be ground up in a remorseless mill of investigation and criticism, upper and lower millstones of the Mill of Truth, like that in Henry Morley's charming fairy tale, before any trustworthy knowledge can be got out of them. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's new and unfinished "History of Painting in Italy" is the first at all adequate book which has come of recent study; awkward in arrangement and bad in style as it is, it is absolutely essential to one who would know what early Italian painting was, and who they were that made it what it was.

This by the way. These pictures at Brunswick may be all they are held to be, and it may be demonstrable that they are so. If only one fairly good Rubens is there, and one Vandyke, America is richer in art than we supposed.

### TICKNOR & FIELDS'S LITHOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT OF DICKENS.

THIS is a very accurate likeness, and, as a picture, pleasantly soft and grey in tone. It seems to have been copied from a quite common photographic portrait of Mr. Dickens; and this way of producing a small-scale picture is not a bad one; not so good as getting a drawing after life by a master of portraiture; much better than having such a drawing made by any but a master. The photograph gives a likeness in feature and form beyond anything that the work of man, as we generally see it, can attain; but it gives, too, the no-expression of fixed attitude and motionless glare. Then the common portrait photographs produced in Europe and America are always harsh in contrast of light and shade, and in tone of color; and although a very few pictures have been made in Paris which are comparatively good in shade and in tone, they are not to be had for asking. Now, this picture, which Mr. Eytinge has drawn in crayon, is a great improvement upon any producible photograph of Mr. Dickens in pictorial beauty, while as a likeness it seems to be as satisfactory as any. The admirer of Dickens may have a photograph of him, but should not hang it up, it will be a blot upon his walls; this lithograph he should have neatly framed and hung where it can be seen.



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[From the London *Pall Mall Gazette*.]

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[From *The New Englander*.]

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[From *The North American Review*.]

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